

MODERN SOCIETY

IN

ROME.



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IN

R O M E .

A

NOVEL.

BY

J. RICHARD BESTE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "THE WABASH".

—"It was a most disagreeable war: one was likely to be killed in it."—PRIVATE CONVERSATION OF A ROMAN PRINCE.

"And I assure you that, like virgin honey
Tastes their first season—mostly if they have money."
BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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T. RICHARDS, 37 GREAT QUEEN STREET.

COMING OUT:
OR
THE SIEGE OF ROME.

CHAPTER I.

Oh, she was gladsome as a sunny ray
Gilding old Rome's dull ruins! Where she mov'd,
Life, health, and beauty lighted up the way,
And Hope danc'd round her visibly. Belov'd,
Admir'd of all—yet artless—childish—gay,
E'en women stood and prais'd: and it behov'd
Men to think of her as of one above
This earth—and so to guard themselves from love.

It was one of those early days in May, when the Campagna of Rome is most beautiful in the promise of a rich summer landscape, that seems to be opening amid ruined temples and aqueducts and the brilliant snows of the bold Appenine hills. Winter had lingered long, under the influence of the cold east wind, which there so often blows

for three months without intermission ; and although the ever-bright sun had not had power to melt the snows from the hills of Tivoli and Monte Oreste, yet vegetation was springing amid the valleys, and the first May was putting forth its blossoms in the hedges. All looked bright and smiling, as the Middleton Agelthorpes drove, in their open britzska, from the Porta Pia and along the Nomentan way. Prince Visconti Augustiniani followed them in his brougham, drawn by his pretty little iron greys ; while Lord Rangerleigh rode beside the carriage, and endeavoured to converse in undertones with Caroline, who would not hear him unless he spoke loud enough to be heard by the rest of her party.

The attentions of the young nobleman to the beautiful heiress had, in truth, become daily more marked ; although we must admit that they had been little encouraged by Caroline herself. But high-spirited and good-looking, his conversation was always animated, and caused him to be listened to with a satisfaction which his self-love, per-

haps, misinterpreted. Lord Rangerleigh was, moreover, suspicious of himself. He was jealous of Augustiniani, and he knew it ; and he feared lest his jealousy might make him judge with captiousness the manner and spirit of his mistress. Duke Augustiniani, on the contrary, was perfectly satisfied and self-complacent, although his approaches met with much the same reception as those of his rival. Italians expect no favour from those they woo ; and are satisfied with anything short of demonstrative aversion. Even on their present excursion, which had been arranged by Augustiniani, he had invited the Englishman to take a seat in his carriage ; and had not been ruffled by the bad humour with which Lord Rangerleigh had replied that he preferred riding ; that close carriages were fit only for ladies and Italians.

“ Does not the May blossom remind you of dear England, Miss Agelthorpe ? ” he asked, as riding on his English hunter, he placed a hand on the side of the carriage.

“ I think the almond blossoms are pret-

tier, do not you, aunt?" replied the young lady.

"I certainly do not, my love;" answered Mrs. Agelthorpe; "there is a homeliness and country innocence about the May that I cannot see in any foreign flower. But, in England, it would have bloomed long before this. I believe that our winters are less severe than those of Italy near the mountains; and that we should have all the Italian fruits if we had the heat of the Italian summer."

"Bravo! Mrs. Agelthorpe; stand up always for old England," cried the young man. "But what means your polite Roman friend by dashing past us in that manner?" he asked, as the Duke's coachman, whipping his horses, galloped a-head of them, just as they passed the little church of St. Agnes, and, signing to them to stop, pulled up at the gate of a field somewhat beyond. They did the same; and the Roman soon came and, inviting the ladies to descend, told them that they were near the entrance to the Catacombs. They

walked a short way through the kitchen-garden and vineyard beside which they had stopped, and reached the side of a low cliff, in which a rude door was fixed. Here Augustiniani introduced them to the celebrated Padre Marchi, whose researches in the Catacombs of Rome have thrown so much light upon history, and who courteously expressed the pleasure he felt at making Mr. Agelthorpe's acquaintance. He was in company with Mr. and Mrs. Vernon and their daughters, and they were all to make the tour together. The peasant of the garden then produced a bundle of small tapers, and, lighting them, gave one to each of the party, while he himself and the antiquary, entering the cavern, preceded them to point out the way.

They advanced along a narrow passage about four feet wide and of varying height, hewn out in the rough sandstone. It descended downwards into the earth; and as it descended, the sand and earth hardened into the volcanic rock, or *puzzolana*, used for making the Roman cement. The floor

was often irregular: often a few steps aided the descent. Sometimes, the sides of the corridor contracted; and sometimes the roof was so low that our party had to stoop as they passed along. Other dark passages branched off to the right and to the left—burrowing into the earth without apparent object or design.

How easy it would be to be lost here! was the first thought of everyone, as they pressed upon one another in lengthened file; but the corridors began to open here and there in wider niches or alcoves; and a-fresco paintings were sometimes met with on the plastered walls.

“Can it be possible,” exclaimed Mr. Agelthorpe, as the Signor Marchi stopped in a small chamber dug into the rock beside the passage they were following—“can it be possible that all these were dug out merely to supply the builders of Rome with sand?”

“Such is the old opinion,” replied the antiquary; “but the sand quarries are evidently distinct from these, and are so

worked as to supply the greatest possible quantity of sand near the surface: whereas there are three stories, if I may so call them, of streets in these subterraneous cities. It was for another purpose that these were dug down and under one another for so many miles."

"Many miles!" exclaimed Mary Agelthorpe, pressing forwards.

"I compute, Signorina," answered Signor Marchi, "that streets and passages, similar to these, extend for one thousand miles around and under Rome."

"And all were made for burial of the first Christians!" exclaimed Mr. Agelthorpe.

"The supply of saints' relics is not likely to fail," observed Lord Rangerleigh, sarcastically, to Caroline.

"I wonder," she said, "that they should treat them with so little respect. Look at these niches in the rock, full of bones."

"Are not these, caro Signor Marchi," asked Augustiniani—"are not these the relics of saints, as much as those they shew up in the churches?"

“Probably they are: but we have no legal evidence of the fact; so they are left here. Nothing can be taken out of these catacombs and given forth as relics, unless it happens to have been discovered in the presence of trustworthy witnesses, who, in addition to any inscription or other evidence inherent in the tomb, can prove that they have never lost sight of it from the time of its first discovery, and that it has been quite impossible to substitute one bone for another. The same kind of evidence, only much stronger, is insisted upon as would be required in a court of justice to identify stolen property.”

“You see, Rangerleigh,” said Mr. Agelthorpe, “it is not such an easy thing to get a good character—the character of a saint in Rome.”

“But how came the Christians to choose such burial-places,” asked Mrs. Agelthorpe.

“If they had been publicly buried,” replied the antiquary, “it must have been by the Pagan priests, or with religious rites they objected to; just as most state reli-

gions now require that all dissenters or heretics, if buried in the public churchyards, should be buried according to the rites of the established religion. It was then the fashion to burn the bodies of the dead ; but the Christians looked to an early resurrection, and objected to this. They embalmed their bodies, and laid them here to await the last summons : and all the monumental inscriptions speak of them as being only ‘ deposited ’—laid down—to wait for it. Here,” continued the learned guide—“ here was a little chapel that was dug out in the rock to make room for the faithful to congregate round the tomb of a martyr.”

“ How do you know they were martyrs ? ” asked Caroline.

“ An inscription on the marble slab that closes up the niche often gives us the name of those whom history tells us to have suffered for the faith : and a small phial, holding blood of the martyr, is almost always put beside the body. The more eminent of them were slipped into niches, like those at the bottom of the wall ; and the rock

was cut away so as to form an arched recess over them: then the flat tops of the rock, left above the body, served as altars, on which mass was said on anniversary days, and when the Christians had to hide in these caverns from their persecutors."

"The origin, Vernon," said Mr. Agelthorpe to his friend, "of the practice which still obliges us to put some relic of a saint under our modern altars."

"A Pope, who was martyred in the second century, was buried in this room," said Signor Marchi, as he moved on again; "and another was laid there," he added, pointing to a recess on the other side. All paused to examine them; and soon again moved onwards. The niches in the walls were so closely cut in the galleries they now entered as to leave scarcely a yard of the sides of the rock unexcavated. Most of these receptacles were open; the marble slab or the tiles, which had stood up edgewise and closed them flush with the rock, having been carried away; in many, the bones of the dead remained. The tiers of

tombs, cut one above the other in the face of the rock, were like sleeping-berths for passengers in the side of a ship.

Here and there, as they went along, the visitors were taken into other small chambers, excavated evidently to serve the purpose of chapels. Most of these had been painted a-fresco; and, on many, the figures remained quite distinct and fresh. As works of art, they shewed no skill in the painter: but they were most interesting to the Christian. Here was the figure of a man in a large chest, with a dove flying towards him, to represent the Deluge. There was the Good Shepherd carrying a sheep on his shoulders. In one chamber was painted the figure of a priest administering baptism. Above one of the tombs, was a picture, better preserved than many, which showed the Virgin Mother with the Infant Saviour in her arms, whom four Eastern sages were adoring. They lingered some while to look at this: and still longer, to study a representation of our Saviour, under the figure of Orpheus, calling around him

His flock and the wild beasts that were not of His fold. A vine, spread over all the roof of the chapel, recalled the Christian offering: baskets of bread were there, and the figure of the fish, as usual, typifying the Saviour.

“Is there nothing but this sort of thing?” asked Caroline. “I thought we should have seen the tombs of some great men.”

“Does not Miss Agelthorpe,” asked Mr. Vernon, “consider the two martyred Popes and all these other Christian champions, whose graves we pass, to have been great men?”

The young lady was annoyed by the sarcastic tone in which this was spoken, and turned, in evident displeasure, to talk to Lord Rangerleigh. The tone of his voice shewed that he sympathized with her, and was soothing to her ruffled feelings. Besides the Vernons, they were the only Protestants of the party, and each could make to the other some of those little satirical observations which they would not like the others to overhear, and which Rangerleigh

had not the honesty to check, by reminding his fair companion that the Catacombs had been closed, as places of religious meeting and burial, in the third century, and could, therefore, only shew the habits and belief of the primitive Christians. He told her, however, of a tomb which he had himself seen opened a few years before, and which was believed to be that of a young martyr of eighteen years of age: the usual phial of blood proved it to be so: "But the excavators," continued Lord Rangerleigh, "were much surprised to find within the niche the second skeleton of a child about thirteen years old, whose head was lying at the feet of the elder one. The bones were black and charred, all but the legs and feet; and this made people think that he also had been a little martyr, and had been hung up by his feet over a fire, and so burnt to death."

Miss Agelthorpe shuddered as she heard the story; and they were stooping to examine a fragment of marble on the floor, which bore some defaced letters in Egyptian

type, amid which they could only read the words—IN PACE ET PETE PRO NOBIS—IN PEACE AND PRAY FOR US—when Mrs. Agelthorpe fancied that a tête-à-tête conversation was going on which, as a good chaperon, it was her duty to stop. So, “Lord Rangerleigh,” she called, from the chamber in which was the rest of the party; “Lord Rangerleigh, before we go, do look at this painting of Moses striking the rock, on which the word ‘PETRUS’ is engraved. What can it mean?”

“I suppose the painter was afraid his hill should be mistaken for something else, unless he marked it to be a rock,” replied the young man, laughing; “just as my drawing-master used to tell me to write sheep or cow under the animals I drew, in order that they might be recognized as such.”

Mrs. Agelthorpe, who had intended a controversial hint by her question, shook her head reproachfully, while all the others laughed at her disappointment, as they turned out of the chapel by a corridor, at right angles to that by which they had en-

tered it, and proceeded onwards. A few steps brought them to another flight of steps, leading down to the lowest range of galleries; and attention was requisite to their footing, to prevent the ladies from slipping on the crumbling stairs. Father Marchi headed the long procession of glimmering tapers, and soon led his friends into another chapel, excavated on the left hand, in which, he said, most interesting paintings were to be seen. All had collected around him, when Augustiniani asked, "Where is the Signorina Carolina?"

"Caroline? Is she not here?" exclaimed every voice.

"She was with you, Lord Rangerleigh," said Mrs. Agelthorpe, nervously agitated.

"Certainly: and did not she follow me when you called me?" replied the young man. "I came instantly," he added aside to Mary, "for I thought your mama would suspect I was plotting something against her."

All was now dismay and confusion in the little group. No one had seen Caroline

since the young nobleman had parted from her; and it was evident that she had remained behind when he had hastened to her aunt's summons. Father Marchi loudly called to the guides not to let any one pass out of the chapel where they then stood; while he himself explained to them the infinite danger to anyone who should attempt, without a guide, to search through those caverns. "Let us all return," he said, "to the chapel we last left, and wait there; while some of us go with the guide and Milordo to the spot where he says he parted from the young lady. It is probable the Signorina has remained where he left her; knowing full well that we should soon miss her and should return to seek her."

The good antiquary spoke his hopes rather than his fears. What he feared had come to pass. Caroline who, as we have heretofore seen, was rather liable to fits of absent meditation, had given way to one such while Lord Rangerleigh had been studying the inscription; and when he rushed from her to obey her aunt's call, she had put her

hand to her forehead, and had given way to thought for a few moments; thought, we must own, of herself and her own position rather than of the scene around her. The forgetfulness was but momentary; but, when she raised her head, she was alone. Dread, lest she had parted from her company and was forgotten, instantly occurred to her, and she rushed wildly to rejoin them. No glimmer of light, but the taper she bore in her own hand, was visible; and, in the confusion of her mind, her first start was a false one. She turned to the right instead of to the left hand, and so, instead of advancing onwards, rushed back along the gallery by which they had all come thus far. Another wrong turn, up one of the many intersecting passages they had passed to the right and to the left, led her still further astray; and yet onward she went, persuaded that those whom she sought could not be far from her, and only eager to rejoin them before the wax taper she bore should have burned itself out. Imagination made her fancy that she heard their voices before her, and shewed

her the glimmer of their candles through the murky caverns. Imagination and the dread of being left behind, thus led her onwards with no other care than to shelter her little taper, lest it should be extinguished in the frequent turns she made through that gloomy labyrinth.

At length, she remembered that she had lighted a new candle just before Lord Rangerleigh had left her; and the observation flashed upon her mind that it was already half burned away. This proved that she had wandered longer than she had thought; this proved that she was really lost in those dismal catacombs. Faintness came over her; her knees shook, and she sat herself down upon a projecting ledge of the rock. The little glimmer of her taper enabled her to look but a few yards to the right and the left amid that subterranean darkness. Opposite, it fell brightly upon five rows of shelves or burial berths, that reached from the bottom to the top of the low-browed cavern. In the one directly in face of her, was an almost perfect skeleton. As she sat,

she could not look into those above, and imagination pictured them to contain everything that was most terrible. She turned to the rude vault overhead ; it hung threatening and ruddy in the unwonted light. What was in the wall behind her she knew not, and she dared not turn her head to ascertain. Her nerves were already quite unstrung ; and, trembling and cowering, she shrank beside her candle, only anxious to preserve its fleeting light.

But the duration of that poor comfort was now a matter to be computed by minutes. It had already burned so low, that she could no longer hold it in her fingers. She set it upon the stone on which she sat, and pressed its end down to make it adhere to the rock. She drew together what she thought were some bits of gravel to steady it ; and shuddered when she perceived that they were rounded and hollow bones. She trembled ; but she watched the flickering light. Flickering, indeed, it was ; the wax was already melted out of shape, and the wick stuck to the red rock, and sucked up the liquid wax around it.

Flaring, it fell on one side, against one of the bones she had placed near it; and she started up in horror, and wrung her hands. A sudden thought:—she tore the white veil from her bonnet, and, holding one corner of it to the flame, carefully ignited it. She had now a bright glare; but the wick of the little taper had fallen on the rock, and her burning veil alone now gave her light. She was soon obliged to cast it on the floor; and then, seeing how narrow had been her escape from total darkness, she madly resolved to burn everything she wore, rather than submit to its terrors. She snatched the shawl from her shoulders and cast it to feed the flame. It was woollen; and, instead of igniting, at once extinguished the little that remained of the veil. Not a spark survived amid the cinders. All around was dark as it had been for fifteen hundred years. Her eyes strained convulsively into the abyss; and, with an inarticulate groan, she fainted and fell.

It was long before she awoke from this state of merciful insensibility: but when

she did awake, she awoke thoroughly. No slightest unconsciousness concealed from her the horror of her situation. She was lost;—buried alive, deep under the earth;—in a loathsome labyrinth which stretched one thousand miles on each side of her. How those “one thousand miles” pressed upon her memory! She seemed to hear them again and again spoken at her ear. But the horror she had first felt at the bones and skeletons and mummies that tenanted this immense abode, no longer haunted her. Her own situation was too terrible to leave room for any imaginary fears. True, that formerly she would have recoiled from such contact; but now she found a sort of companionship in thinking that six millions of human bodies surrounded her. Six millions! She had heard Father Marchi say that he computed the number of those buried here at six millions. And the caverns stretched “one thousand miles” on every side. . . .

She grew faint again; and she groped about and found the stone on which she

had sat down, and on which she had placed her taper. She must have been there a long time, she thought ; for she now found that the faintness she felt was that of hunger. She had not eaten since breakfast : it must now, therefore, be evening and dinner time. The lamps ought now to be burning on her uncle's dinner-table in the Palazzo Sermoneta. How bright and happy seemed that lighted room, as memory brought it back to her mind ! And those dear relatives—were they now sitting around that cheerful table, or were they wandering through those passages in search of her ? She was quite sure that they were. She had no doubt of their kind love ; and that they would not desert her. And Duke Augustiniani—where was he ? Was he seeking her through the catacombs, or had he returned to Rome, to dinner ? She could not answer the question with certainty to her own mind ; and it turned from him quickly to Lord Rangerleigh. She had no doubt that he, at least, had not abandoned her ; for she believed that he

loved her sincerely. She thought long of his devoted attentions; though he had never spoken his love. She thought long: and her eyes filled with tears as she thought.

Again the doubt occurred to her whether she should await the chance of being sought out where she was, or whether she ought not to endeavour to grope her way out of this terrible prison. But "one thousand miles!" how was it likely she would find the right passage in a labyrinth of one thousand miles? She remembered having heard that the Pagans had discovered, through a breathing-hole above, a Christian chapel filled with its congregation of worshippers, and that even they had been so fearful of losing themselves, if they endeavoured to follow them without a guide, that they had thrown down stones and earth from above, and buried them all where they prayed. What likelihood was there that she, who was in a still lower range of the catacombs, should ever be able to find her way out amongst those one thousand miles of intersecting passages?

Here were nine hundred and ninety-nine chances to one that she would go wrong: still she might go right by chance, she thought: and so she arose and staggered forwards again.

She did indeed stagger, rather than walk. She was obliged to hold out her hands to protect herself against the angles of the rock where other corridors diverged. The floor was uneven: hours had passed since she had first been conscious of hunger, and she was now extremely faint. She often stumbled and fell over loose tiles, or over skulls and bones that encumbered the floor; but, weeping with the pain when the sharp rock cut her hands and knees, she again arose and staggered on. At length, she came to a flight of rude steps that descended under her feet, and adown which she almost fell precipitate: and it occurred to her that, as they must lead deeper still into the earth, they would conduct her further from the opening by which she had entered—further still from the friends she had left. In fact, it was evident that every step she

had taken in the dark had been in the wrong direction. Heartbroken, and sobbing convulsively, the poor girl turned her round and began to retrace those painful steps.

But this could not last. Her strength fairly gave way. Sleepiness, induced by hunger and by the hour, for it was past midnight, overwhelmed her. She stumbled and fell again against a projecting rock; and felt as she fell that it was a low ledge of *pozzolana*, or, perhaps, a tomb with its painted arch above. She stretched herself upon it, and immediately fell fast asleep.

She slept long, and very soundly. It seemed to her, when she awoke, as if she had had a much longer night's rest than usual. And yet she was so weak and faint that, when she attempted to rise, she could scarcely stand. The pangs of hunger were now really painful, and her brain throbbed. The whole terror of her dreadful situation had rushed upon her when she awoke; and she cast herself on her knees beside the tomb on which she had slept, and wept and

prayed aloud. Her mind began to wander; and, although her limbs ached with the hardness of her rocky couch, she dragged them upon it with difficulty, and again dozed away. Her slumber was no longer as unbroken and dreamless as it had before been. The remembrance of where she was haunted her every vision. Fearful dreams and imaginations repeopled those one thousand miles of catacomb with their six millions of inhabitants—all moving about embalmed in spices and in cerements: and anon she saw them all either worshipping in the different cavern churches, or hanging by their heels over immense fires, and otherwise done to death for the faith. Anon, a more pleasing dream soothed her horrified mind: she fancied that she herself had given testimony, and had been starved to death as a martyr: that she had been embalmed like the others, and was only waiting there, with other corpses above and below her, until the excavator should break open her tomb and find her. She fancied how they would wonder at her more per-

fect state of preservation ; and would take her with processions and lighted candles, and bury her again under the dazzling altar of some great cathedral. . . .

The sound of the hymns and the blaze of the altar awoke her ; and Lord Rangleigh, holding a flaming torch, was kneeling beside her, and pressing her death-cold hands to his lips.

Though the search for the lost one had now endured for nearly two days and two nights, we can give but small space to recount its difficulties. We have mentioned the confusion and dismay of the party when the young girl was first missed from their number. They had hastened back to the chamber where they had lingered to admire the paintings, in the hope of finding her there : and, disappointed in this expectation, had begun to scatter themselves through the vaults in search of the lost one. Signor Marchi, however, soon foresaw in this multiplied dangers : and recalling all to the chapel, besought the ladies to remain there while he and the guide and

the gentlemen searched through the neighbouring corridors. We already know that their research and their calls upon the name of their child were unavailing: their own supply of light was burned low; and the learned antiquary, guiding his party back to the chapel, begged Mr. Vernon and Mr. Agelthorpe to let their carriages take back to Rome the ladies of the party, and return to them with a large store of tapers, torches, and small cord or twine. With difficulty, the ladies were persuaded to leave the Catacombs: but they returned with the torches and other things that had been ordered to the garden, and waited there while the investigation was being carried on below. They waited until night-fall; when all were obliged, for very weariness and exhaustion, to return to Rome. The early morning saw them again in the garden; while the gentlemen again hastened down to resume their search. This was continued all day; and, at night, they had again returned home, with little hope of ever again seeing in life her whom they sought so anxiously.

Neither the first nor the second night had, however, driven either Mr. Agelthorpe or Lord Rangerleigh from the Catacombs. They had caused torches and firewood, and such food as was necessary, to be carried down into one of the vaulted chambers, and had there spent the hours, that were not employed in actual search, with such guides as they could prevail on to stay with them. We need not describe the manner of their search: but after some hours, Lord Rangerleigh suspected that these poor fellows were so afraid of losing themselves, that they were guiding him again and again through corridors with which they were acquainted. He told Mr. Agelthorpe his suspicion, and that he had resolved to undertake the search himself with two guides, who consented to remain with and help him, on condition that one of them should always stay at the limit of the caverns that were known to them, while the other, who penetrated further with himself, should untwist balls of twine, one end of which should remain in the hands of him who

waited on the frontier of the known portion of the labyrinth. Having made this arrangement, the young nobleman returned to the spot where he had last seen her he loved—the spot where they had studied together the broken inscription—and examined in succession every diverging passage to the right or to the left. It will readily be understood how much time was necessarily expended in the systematic following out of this plan: and how bitter were the feelings of Agelthorpe every time Lord Rangerleigh returned into what may be considered the main street of the tombs, and told that he had explored each avenue in vain. The rock which formed the flooring of all these vaults was, in general, so hard and free from dust or sand, that it could receive and retain no impress or footprint, to shew that it had lately been trodden by her whom he sought so fondly.

Still the young man, remembering the stories he had read of the manner in which American Indians seek out and follow up a lost trail,—was constantly on his knees,

wherever a few particles of sand lay together in the path, seeking out the little footprint he loved; and, over and over again, he argued with the guide that this was the most certain method of following out their inquiry. He was now in a winding corridor, which had been so frequently intersected by others, that the poor guide declared he had completely lost all idea of where he was, and nervously clutched and unwound the balls of twine, by means of which alone he could hope to revisit the upper earth;—he was now, for the hundredth time on his knees, examining the floor of this corridor, when he suddenly exclaimed, “Thank God!”—and, prostrate as he was, leaned against the side of the rock to support himself under the sudden revulsion of feeling which occasioned his exclamation. The guide hastened beside him, and knelt down to see what had so moved him. He peered into the gritty floor, and shook his head as not seeing anything to remark. Without speaking, Lord Rangleigh pointed with his finger to a small drop of wax on the hard pavement.

“Madonna Santissima!” exclaimed the poor fellow, understanding at once this evidence that they were on the right track, since wax from a passing taper had so recently splashed the floor. He joyfully proffered his arm to assist his patron to rise ; and, after largely scoring with chalk the wall above the token which revived their hopes, they both gallantly pushed forwards into the further darkness. Several other intersecting avenues led them, however, again and again, astray ; but they marked the entrance of each in turn, as they were obliged to come back to their starting-point. The renewed courage of the guide was again giving way, and the heart of the lover was sinking within him, as he thought of what the poor girl must have suffered, during this prolonged search, from mere exhaustion and want of food, when the glimmer of the torch, falling on an unusual object lying before them in the darkness, caused the guide to utter a loud exclamation. They rushed forwards to examine it.

We have told how the chatter of the

Italian and the glare of the torches inspired and broke the dreamy fancies of the poor girl. She rose slowly from her hard couch ; but was too faint and weak to stand. She again sat upon the rock : and retaining the two hands of Lord Rangerleigh in her own, began to sob hysterically, as she covered them with her tears.

“ Run, Pippo,” said he to the guide ; “ run and get some wine or she will die, after all. She is almost starved to death.”

“ La scusi,” replied the man, “ I shall do no such thing ; or the chances are that I shall never find either of you again. The Signorina is not so heavy, but that you can carry her back, while I keep hold of this packthread, and take heed that we do not miss our way and lose ourselves altogether.”

“ It is, indeed, best so, dearest Caroline,” said Lord Rangerleigh, not displeased at the necessity which excused his taking the dear burden in his arms. “ Let me bear you back to your uncle, where we shall find food and refreshment ;” and he raised her in his arms as he spoke.

“Thank you, thank you! Heaven ever bless you!” were all the words she softly whispered as she lay unresisting in his arms, while her beautiful face fell softly against his shoulder with the helpless heaviness of that of a wearied child.

We will not dwell upon the feelings of Lord Rangerleigh. If he had loved her before, how much had his love increased during the anxious hours when he feared lest she were lost for ever! She was recovered and saved by his means; surely she would reward him for all his devotion?

The joyful shouts of Pippo, as they neared the subterranean chapel, soon brought forth Mr. Agelthorpe and the other guides to meet them. The young girl smiled languidly at rejoining her uncle; and took, in silence, the wine and food they had prepared for her. She cast one look of gratitude at Lord Rangerleigh as she left his arms for those of her uncle; and, while he carried her out of those dreadful catacombs and placed her in the carriage that had been kept constantly waiting at the garden gate, she con-

tinued in thoughtful or prayerful silence. Was that silence prayerful or thoughtful ?

“ Where is aunt and Mary ? and where is Prince Augustiniani ? ” These were the only words she had spoken, when, at three o'clock in the morning, they drove into the silent court of the Palazzo Sermoneta. Lights, glimmering through the windows of the first floor, showed that her aunt and cousin were still watching in the hope of her return.

CHAPTER II.

He was a noble Roman from Transtevere.

No purer blood cours'd through the throbbing veins
Of those fell tribes who dwell beyond the river. He

Made boast no barbarous cross had added brains
Or heart, by mingling race with his. And never he

Had bow'd beneath the rude barbaric chains
Of Goth or Gaul: but grumblingly had borne
Them like a Roman—of the days we scorn.

*Letter from Mary Agelthorpe to her former
governess, Miss Webb.*

“A ROMAN ricevimento may be either remarkable for its formal dulness, or its agreeable sociability. In general, however, it partakes rather of the latter quality; and, if agreeable, it is decidedly the pleasantest style of society.

“About nine o'clock, on the second evening after our fearful adventures in the Catacombs, we resolved to go to one of the weekly receptions at Palazzo Guido. The

drive was long ; but in about half-an-hour, the carriage stopped at the entrance of the palazzo, which is one of the very handsomest in Rome, and the different floors of which are inhabited by the parents and married sons of the same family. The marble stairs were broad and handsome, but they were steep, and many in number. On each landing, however, chairs were placed for the accommodation of visitors ; who, indeed, by the time they had toiled up beyond the first floor, were generally out of breath. There were many other people going up at the same time as ourselves. We knew most of them, and thus when obliged, every now and then, to stop to rest, we passed the time in agreeable conversation.

“ At last, we reached the entrance-hall of Princess Guido’s apartments. The first salon, which was brilliantly lighted, was nearly empty. A small circle of gentlemen, however, in the centre of whom was Prince Guido, stood near the door. The Prince is a tall, fine-looking, and re-

markably handsome old man. His appearance is distingué; his manner peculiarly courteous and agreeable. He advanced towards us, and, after the first salutation, begged us to proceed to the next salon, where we should find the Princess. This second salon, which was hung with the richest gold-coloured satin, was full, but not crowded. The sofas and chairs were not arranged in the formal style so common in Rome; that is to say, their backs were not placed against the wall in rows, to hide the canvass and unpainted wood which is so richly covered in front; but they were dispersed about the room, and it was easy to see that the French taste of the young Duchess Rolozaga had been busy there.

“I was seated at once on a little sofa, large enough only to contain one other person. This sofa was close to the door, so that I could see every one who came in. The vacant place beside me was soon occupied by Count Caponero, en attendant the arrival of his fiancée, Count Keiser’s youngest daughter. We were great friends; and

were soon engaged in criticizing all that passed around us.

“ ‘These apartments,’ said the Count, ‘make me think of Paradise. The ascent is so long and difficult, that people are discouraged at the first few steps. They are almost inclined to give it up altogether by the time they have reached the second floor ; but if they persevere to the end, they are rewarded by a sight of some of the most magnificent apartments in Rome.’

“ ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘it is a very good simile, only that your Paradise would not be perfect without Mademoiselle Keiser, whom I do not see here.—And so really, notwithstanding your liberal principles, you are going to marry an Austrian!’

“ ‘But Mademoiselle Keiser is not an Austrian,’ expostulated the Count. ‘Her mother is a Roman ; she herself was born in Rome, and feels much more sympathy with the Italians than with the Austrians.’

“ ‘Besides,’ said Prince Raffacelli, who had just entered the room, and who, on his way to Caroline, now joined in the conver-

sation, 'there is but one difference between the tyranny of the Austrians and that of the French.'

" 'And what is that difference?' I inquired.

" 'Their acts of oppression are the same,' he answered; 'but the Austrians endeavour, in all they do, to shew as much rudeness towards us as possible. Their aim seems to be to make their Government and their very presence as detestable as they can. The French, on the other hand, when they occupied Italy, are said to have acted on all occasions with the most studied politeness; and would almost ask a man's pardon for shooting him.'

" 'That is precisely what I always have said,' remarked Prince Augustiniani: 'and I must own that I greatly prefer the open brutality of the Austrians, such as we used to have it at Milan before this last outbreak, to the smooth, hypocritical politeness of the French. There is not a people on the earth that I do not prefer to the French; and it would be much better,' he

added, lowering his voice, ‘if so many of us had not married French women, and helped to establish a little colony of them here.’

“Count Caponero now left us to join his fiancée, and M. Emile de Valance came up to me. ‘*C’est ça,*’ said he, with an expression of affected weariness, as he threw himself on the sofa. ‘The Duchess Rolozaga is charming,’ he added; ‘she must be charming, being a French woman; but she is dying’

“‘Dying!’ I exclaimed, in surprise, ‘she looks well and very lively.’

“‘A French woman is always lively, Mademoiselle. But the Duchess, nevertheless, is dying of a species of slow fever.’ He checked himself, for we were now joined by other people, chiefly Italians.

“At this moment, a servant came in with a tray of iced tea,—a complete novelty in Rome, and for aught I know every where else. Knowing that several of the Italian gentlemen who were standing near me belonged to the would-be English set, I de-

terminated to trick them into taking some of this iced tea. I, therefore, immediately took some myself, and, pronouncing it delicious and perfectly *English*, handed a cup to Caroline. As I had expected, all the gentlemen at once followed our example: and, not daring to say a word against anything that suited the English taste, they, with a strong effort, contrived to get through a cup each, to my great amusement: for I detected certain comical twists about the corners of Prince Augustiniani's mouth, which he in vain endeavoured to suppress, as he assured Caroline, who could hardly help laughing, that it was 'si bon', and brought out to perfection the flavour of the tea. This it certainly did; but as the tea was remarkably strong, this flavour was not unlike that of a dose of senna. The Marquis de Valance, hearing all the others praise it, took a cup himself; but hardly had he tasted the first spoonful, than he put the cup down, exclaiming, 'Mais! c'est dégoûtant! Comment pouvez-vous le boire, Mademoiselle?'

“ Lord Rangerleigh, coming up just then,

was making his way towards Caroline, when seeing my little circle of tea drinkers, he paused en route, and asked what this favourite beverage was. Signor Stederetti answered that it was iced tea, and that Duke Augustiniani had been quite in love with the 'goût Anglais' ever since he had tasted it.

“ ‘What does he mean?’ said Lord Rangerleigh, turning with a rather bewildered look to me, after taking a sip of the tea; ‘does he suppose that we English are in the habit of drinking such a nasty decoction? And actually, Miss Mary,’ he continued, ‘you are taking it yourself! Can you possibly like it, or are you only trying to humbug these gentlemen?’

“So saying, he passed on to where Caroline was sitting.

“ ‘Que veut dire ‘humbug’?’ inquired Duke Visconti Augustiniani.

“It was a difficult question for me to answer: but I explained that it was a word which had many different meanings.

“ ‘But what does Lord Rangerleigh mean?’ said Duke Quattromali, who, find-

ing that he should not make anything of the English conversation between Caroline and Lord Rangerleigh, had returned to me. I did not know what to say, for I did not wish to own that I had been tricking them: but M. de Valance at once saved me the trouble, by saying that Lord Rangerleigh meant that Mademoiselle was laughing at them.

“Prince Augustiniani, who had been fidgeting ever since Lord Rangerleigh had been left tête-à-tête with Caroline, was now going to her, but I called him back to ask some question, and detained him, much to his annoyance. I saw that Lord Rangerleigh’s conversation with Caroline grew evidently more and more interesting. He became animated: his colour more heightened, while she grew pale, and put on her little stiff manner, which you remember so well. Lord Rangerleigh, at last, was decidedly provoked, and lost his temper: for I heard him say, ‘You are determined to fulfil the old nun’s prophecy!’ Caroline rose with a majestic air, and went to the sofa next mama.

“Count Caponero, having accompanied his fiancée to the carriage, now offered to take me into the refreshment room. I went with him; and on my way met Princess Castellonia, as usual, sparkling with diamonds, and looking, if possible, more beautiful than ever. Her crimson velvet dress contrasted well with her dark hair. She was on the arm of Don Visconti Augustiniani: who seemed to be making her the confidante of his jealous feelings of Lord Rangerleigh. Seeing me, she stopped to speak for a few minutes, and then went on to mama and Caroline, who were now alone on the same sofa. When I returned from the refreshment room, smiles again mantled over the features of Augustiniani and Caroline, and both seemed happy and contented, as he handed us to our carriage. As I passed, I caught a glimpse of Lord Rangerleigh looking daggers: but he would not come towards or notice us.

“At night, I heard from Caroline that I had properly read and interpreted the by-play I had witnessed between them.”

CHAPTER III.

There Naples' thousands tamely rot away !

WE have told the fatal effects in Rome of the "Allocution", or address, of the 29th of April, in which Pius the Ninth made known to the world his resolve not to join with the other people and sovereigns of Italy in the war against the Austrians for national independence. Rebellious and revolutionary risings had, with difficulty, been prevented in Rome, until the Pontiff had, at length, given way, and authorized Count Mamiani and a new ministry to carry out the national policy of their predecessors. But, although the public mind had rather quieted down in the capital, the blow had been struck: and, throughout the provinces and the other states of Italy, it had done irreparable injury. Old animosities against ec-

clesiastical rule had been revived: the hopelessness of conciliating or trusting legitimate sovereigns, was openly preached; and Mazzinian and republican ideas now, at last, began to be listened to.

In vain, Cardinal Antonelli, on the part of his sovereign, endeavoured to gloss over the meaning of the Allocution: in vain, he declared that the Pontiff had only intended to express how anxious he, the common father of the faithful, must feel for the restoration of peace: in vain, the Pope wrote with his own hand a letter to the Emperor of Austria, urging him to renounce his pretension to any dominion in the states of Lombardy and Venice—"a dominion which, upheld by the sword, could be neither respected nor prosperous"—and to recognize the national independence of Italy: the bearer of the letter was discourteously slighted by the Imperial Government.

The King of Naples and the reactionary party about him were in the highest spirits when they read the Allocution and learned the effect it had produced; and resolved,

at once, to measure themselves with the liberals—that is, with the whole population of the kingdom, excepting the dregs of the populace.

Naples was in an uproar when Lord Rangerleigh, who had hastened from Rome after his quarrel with Caroline, looked down upon it from the high ground that encircles that beautiful bay. Flags were flying from the top of the Castles of St. Elmo and dell' Uovo ; bells were ringing the tocsin ; drums were beating ; and the Strada di Toledo was rendered almost impassable by the dense crowds that vociferated and gesticulated as Neapolitans only can gesticulate and vociferate. With difficulty, he found his way to his inn ; and then hastened out to inquire the cause of the tumult.

The new parliament, summoned by the king in conformity with the constitution which he had granted a short time before, in deference to liberal pressure from without—the new parliament was to assemble on the morrow, and the king insisted that the members should meet him in church,

where he himself would receive their oaths. To this the members elect and the people objected—insisting that they ought to be sworn in their house of assembly: the form of the proposed oath, too, was obnoxious, and was thought to contain a snare; and rumours of every kind agitated and terrified the minds of that fiery population. Barricades began to be erected in the principal streets: and, early next morning, the people and the troops were standing face to face in the great square before the Palace. What was to happen next, no one knew: and Lord Rangerleigh thought that if this was part of the programme of the national festival for the opening of their first parliament, it was the strangest one he had ever heard of. The king called upon the Swiss soldiers to remove the barricades; but their commanding officer reminded his majesty that the conditions of their service particularly stipulated that they should not be required to act in any question between himself and his own subjects. It was evident that, without provocation, they would not

support him; and King Ferdinand did not hesitate to afford it. Two of his creatures were dressed out in the uniform of the popular Civic Guard; and, showing themselves on the summit of the barricade, took aim in the sight of all, and discharged their pieces at the Swiss. Two of the officers fell, wounded; the scruples of the Swiss vanished; and, with a cry for revenge, all the troops under arms rushed upon the people. Cannon had been privately placed to command every street—even from the windows of the royal palace—and an organized attack upon his subjects was gallantly commanded by the sovereign.

Slowly, but surely, the regular troops and the artillery forced their way through the barricades. During a chance pause in the conflict, some of the newly-elected members presented themselves before the king, and besought him to recall his troops.

“As it has begun, it must be finished,” replied his Majesty: and the slaughter went on.

And the slaughter did go on: and the

king sent orders to the commanders of all the fortresses to fire upon the city ; and they all did so, except one who scrupled, because the order, not being countersigned by any minister, was illegal in itself. And when his capital had been for three days left to the sack and pillage of the troops, and when peace was restored, this one officer was removed from his command ; and the ministers declared that “ the king had himself, from his own palace, directed every operation of the troops”.

And then his Majesty published a proclamation, in which he lamented “ the horrible events that had taken place ;” and, declaring his royal resolve to maintain the constitution, dissolved the parliament, which had not yet met, and took the government of the country into his own hands.

No sooner did this exemplary sovereign feel that he could do what he liked with his own, than he dispatched orders to General Pepe, who was in command of the fourteen thousand men who, marching towards Lombardy, were dreaming of the In-

dependence of Italy, to lead them back forthwith to Naples. The General himself threw up his command; and, amid the jeers and the hootings of the population of the Roman territory, the fourteen thousand perfected their retreat, and placed their swords at the service of their royal master.

This sudden withdrawal of the Neapolitan army disconcerted all the plans of the Piemontese generals; and was the proximate cause of the triumph of the Austrians.

Meanwhile, the Roman troops and volunteers, commanded by General Durando, but under the superior command of the King of Sardinia, had marched into the mountains beyond Venice, to prevent the descent of Austrian reinforcements. They met their enemy; and, after a two days' engagement, in which they fought gallantly, were compelled to retreat. Retreat was not what they had ever calculated upon in the ardour of their enthusiasm; and it brought with it recriminations and complaints. Popular emissaries went from troop to troop and pointed out to the wearied

soldiers how incomplete was their organization; how imperfect were their arms. Republican orators told them that they were shedding their blood for the aggrandizement of the King of Sardinia alone; and Father Gavazzi held forth against what he called the royal war, and the folly of fighting for Princes and Popes, instead of proclaiming a Republic of all Italy. The Generals accused one another of misconduct; and all was hurry, confusion, and dismay in that precipitate flight.

Thus much had been described in a letter which Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe received from Horace Enderby. "The fugitives arrived at Treviso," continued the writer, "and here they first heard of the Papal Allocution against the war. Anger and fear instantly took possession of the whole army: anger against the sovereign, who, they said, had betrayed the cause of Italy; and fear, lest they should be hung as marauders and banditti, rather than treated as prisoners of war, if they fell into the hands of the Austrians. In the midst of the con-

fusion, I arrived with Casavecchia and Duke Lante, who commanded a small body of men. Unfortunately, we had taken three prisoners, whom we had met travelling in their own carriage, they said, on their own affairs. One of them was recognized as having been one of the most cruel directors of the police of Modena; and all were now believed, with some show of reason, to be Austrian spies. Duke Lante, therefore, was leading them forwards that they might be tried by court-martial. I have told you what was the state of the so-called army when we arrived at Treviso with the prisoners, still in their private carriage. Here was an opportunity of avenging their own defeat, and the Papal Allocution! They rushed upon the carriage. They tore the three prisoners from within; and overwhelmed them with cuffs and kicks and wounds innumerable. Those who could not strike them living, struck them when dead: and those who had no weapon, tore them limb from limb with their hands. Can you believe, that they even hoisted

their hearts and bowels upon the points of their spears and bayonets, and marched with them through the camp; while hundreds rushed to touch the quivering flesh, and boasted that they had sprinkled themselves with the blood of their victims?

“Why, my dear sir, it may be asked, why do I tell you of these horrors? To dissuade you from leaving Rome; to shew you that, although every part of northern Italy is occupied by regular troops, the spirit and indiscipline of many of them is such, that it might be worse than death were you, and those who are dear to us, to fall into their hands. You could not hope to pass unmolested through a country that swarms with the most violent spirits of all Italy; and who can even say what revenge an isolated party of Austrian soldiers might take for the cruel murder I have described? For heaven’s sake, for the sake of dear Mrs. Agelthorpe and your daughter and niece, remain quietly at Rome. The situation of your palace is, we all know, free from the summer malaria; and, even were not the

English so politically popular as they now are at Rome, the many legations and consuls of every country will always be able to protect foreigners."

Leaving our friends in Rome to resolve as they might, after reading the letter we have quoted, let us give another glance at the hero-assassins of Treviso. On the next day, when their general wished to lead them once more against the advancing enemy, his commands were met with cries that he was a traitor who would drive them to be butchered. The Austrians came on, and he himself, with some volunteers and cavalry, rushed first to meet them. They fought bravely until the Austrian artillery was brought into play. The Roman horses, unused to the sound, turned to fly, and rode over the body of mutinous infantry. Trampling them down while they all fled together, such clouds of dust uprose from those dry sandy plains that the Austrians believed a fresh troop of horse was rushing to meet them, and fled, in their turn, from the terrific dust.

The general who commanded this division of the Roman volunteers, was quite convinced of the uselessness of attempting to keep such troops around him, and gave them all permission to depart. Very many availed themselves of it; and, recrossing the Po, returned home amid the imprecations of the population through whose cities and towns they passed. Those who were less fearful of ill-treatment if they fell into the hands of the enemy, rallied round General Durando, to do such deeds as we may hereafter describe. But it was evident that the Pope and the King of Naples between them had left, to the King of Sardinia and to the people of Lombardy and Venice, the undivided task of fighting the battle of Italy.

The new ministry meanwhile, the ministry of Mamiani, Prince Doria and Duke Rignano, was labouring to settle itself in Rome, and to work in harmony with the institution of the Papedom and of an ecclesiastical sovereignty. In these institutions they themselves saw no difficulty, if his Holiness would only govern, in matters of civil polity,

through his parliament and responsible ministers; and would reserve to himself the sole and unquestioned direction of ecclesiastical matters. But the Pope distrusted his minister, and made no secret of his distrust, and of his resolve to change him as soon as he could find a successor. This was known to all, and the action of the government was paralysed, while that of the clubs and of street orators, and of the daily press, increased with every dissension.

“It is impossible, Signor Mamiani, I tell thee,” exclaimed the, as usual, madly-excited Prince of Canino (Lucien Bonaparte,) “it is impossible to carry on any government with that man. His Allocution is ruining the cause of Italy; and although he has proclaimed and established a constitutional government, he cannot be made to understand its first principles. I tell thee, that when a king like him of Naples betrays, and a Pope is lukewarm in the cause of Italy, we must set them altogether aside and have a republic.”

“And I tell you, Prince,” answered Ma-

miani, "that you are talking what, in constitutional countries, is called high treason; and that it is you violent people who delay the action of the new system. You yourselves prevent his Holiness from carrying out his own liberal views, by giving him reason to fear that you have ulterior designs. Your unconstitutional demands on me, deprive me of the confidence of my sovereign."

This was now to be sadly evidenced. In conformity with the new constitution, members of parliament had been elected throughout the Roman States; and the Pope had named those who were to constitute the high council, or Upper House. These were about to meet for the first time; and the ministry, as a matter of course, composed the speech that was to be delivered by the sovereign or his representative. It was submitted to his Holiness, who suggested some verbal alterations. The manner in which these were made was not satisfactory to him; and he himself, with the help of his ecclesiastical advisers, composed another speech without consulting his ministers.

Once more, old Rome was decked out in holiday guise; and tapestry hung from every window, and triumphal arches, of flowers and evergreens, spanned the noble Corso and the streets leading from the Piazza del Popolo to the old Palace of the Chancery, which had been given up to the parliament. In state coaches, decked out in tricolor ribbands and accompanied by bands of triumphant music, the members were to parade the town; while Cardinal Altieri, the commissioner appointed by the sovereign to open the session, was also to proceed thither in the greatest pomp from the Quirinal. The procession from the Piazza del Popolo had already commenced its glorious march: all Rome was on tiptoe with expectation of the doings of a representative government; and the Cardinal-commissioner was just leaving his Holiness to proceed to the house, when the prime minister and the others demanded an audience of the sovereign. A frown of displeasure crossed the fine face of the Pontiff when, with all humility but firmness, they represented to him that they

could not permit his Eminence to open the parliament with a speech prepared without the knowledge or assent of the responsible ministers. It would be supposed, said they, that it spoke their sentiments; whereas they had not even been consulted as to its purport!

It were painful to describe the indignation of the sovereign on receiving this certainly not unfair remonstrance, and the scene that ensued. He charged the ministers with having delayed announcing this determination until the eleventh hour, that they might compel him to adopt their own speech: he called them a band of traitors, and bade them leave the presence. They did so, and sent in their immediate resignation. Meanwhile, the elected members were triumphantly advancing nearer and nearer to the house of Parliament; and there was no ministry and no speech from the sovereign to meet them! What was to be done? The Pope and his ecclesiastical friends well knew that it would be impossible to get others to undertake the government, and

that Rome might easily be wrought to rebellion ; and Mamiani and the rest were persuaded, with some difficulty, to remain at the helm of the state vessel. Little Cardinal Altieri fidgeted about, and twirled his eye-glass, and shrugged his shoulders ; and, proceeding to the great hall of assembly, opened the parliament with a few well-turned but unmeaning phrases, which gave satisfaction to all, because everyone was determined to be pleased, and no one knew what had passed at the palace.

Pius the Ninth, not being able to replace his ministers, resigned himself to endure them, and looked over and approved a grand speech which Count Mamiani was to deliver a few days afterwards in the name of the government. It took the house by storm : and Prince Canino, starting to his legs, begged to inquire, “ Whether the speech they had all so much applauded contained the sentiments of a tottering and removable ministry, or whether they were to understand that the sovereign himself thus fully recognized the sacred rights of his people ? ”

“The speech,” replied Mamiani, “is the unanimous expression of the principles of the ministry, assented to and approved by his Holiness.”

A ray of popularity was once more dawning upon Pius the Ninth, when—in return for the Christian forbearance which had led him to refuse to make war upon the Austrians, and to which scruple he had sacrificed the good-will of his own subjects and the cause of Italy—the Austrians made a sudden irruption into the papal territory, and worse confounded the confusion that already existed. The House of Commons presented a really touching address to the sovereign, imploring him not to ruin the hopes of all Italy by insisting upon the neutrality of Rome: and, so strong were the national sympathies in the mind of the pontiff, that it was thought he would at last give way to his own patriotic feelings. But dissensions amongst the ministers themselves delayed any immediate demonstration. Early in August, Prince Doria was removed from the war office; and, a few

days afterwards, the walls of Rome were covered with a proclamation, in which Pius the Ninth made known that he had dismissed Mamiani himself from his counsels. At the same time, he announced that the Austrians had insulted his dominions: and declared his constant resolve that the frontier, at least, should be defended against all foreign invaders.

This was not enough to satisfy the national feeling; and the proclamation was torn down by the populace.

CHAPTER IV.

Yet higher still the tapering peak ascends,
And tangled beech and chesnut forests grow
O'er its steep sides, till bluest ether blends
Transparently arch'd o'er its rocky brow.
Here heaven begins and earth serenely ends;
And here, three thousand feet o'er tides below,
A hermit makes his solitary cell,
And comes aloft with pious thoughts to dwell.

It was on a bright morning of one of the early days of August, that two young men lay in the shade of a deserted chapel on a mountain top that commands one of the finest views in Europe. Beneath overhanging vines, mulberry and olive trees, amid smiling farmhouses and chapels, and barren rocks and fertile spots, covered with Indian corn and millet, and under forests of Spanish chestnut trees, which had replaced them all in the upper regions, they had climbed two thousand feet, by zig-zag paths, to the

summit of this rock which rose, on three sides, almost perpendicularly from the bosom of a lovely lake. And there it was now spread out beneath them, irregular in its outline, silent and dark blue, and unruffled on its surface, like a painted lake upon a coloured map. On the side of that little lake, opposite that from which the mountain on which they now lay rose precipitate, on the opposite, the eastern side of this most lovely of European lakes, two other mountains towered in precipices. One of these, ever mantled in the deepest and coolest shade, bleak and barren, was filled with natural caverns, which the country people used as cellars to preserve their wine: the other mountain, covered at its base with smiling vegetation and villas and steeples, bore aloft a summit bare and scorched and ruddy in the Italian sun. Between these mountains of sun and of shade, the deep blue waters stretched far away, beyond the picturesque little town of Lugano, into the bleak rocks that divide them from the upper portion of the Lake of Como. On

the north, stretched the ice-bound ridge of the Alps, in the centre and above which rose Monte Rosa—gloriously isolated, and looking almost transparent in its mantle of sun and of eternal snow. On the western side, the mountain on which they stood sank down into a chain of richly cultivated hillocks and wooded peaks, that rose in verdure amid pools flashing in the morning sun, and partly concealed the wide expanse of Lago Maggiore, that seemed to be embosomed amongst them. To the south,—for on every side the scenery had its distinctive features.—to the south, the wide plains of Lombardy and of Piemont, fading away in mist, lay outstretched before the eyes of our pilgrims: and recalled to them many a hard-fought field and painful scene, in which they had so lately taken part.

If they have the power of locomotion, we envy those of our readers who will not recognize in our description, the view they may yet behold, for the first time, from the summit of Mount San Salvatore on the Lake of Lugano.

The two young men, who had gazed around and drank in every feature of the lovely landscape before they threw themselves on the rock to rest after their toilsome walk up the steep sides of the mountain, now slowly rose from their reclining posture, and once more looked around them. We have termed them pilgrims; but they had nothing of the pilgrim staff or cockleshell about them. Both were in the prime of life: both tall, well made, and with remarkably handsome features: the look of both was full of the latent power of excitement and energy and manly will. When we add, that both were in the undress uniform of officers in the Piemontese army, we need not name them as our old acquaintances Horace Enderby and Federigo, Marchese Casavecchia.

They looked round the little chapel, that covered almost the whole platform at the top of the glorious mountain. It was fast verging to ruin. It was evident that no service was performed in it. A few tombstones were inserted, at the foot of its walls, to the

memory of enthusiasts or gentle ones, who had wished their last home to be amid this magnificent scenery. Here was one to a poor Polish exile, who, said the inscription upon it, "had found, in the Canton of Ticino, that freedom he had sought in vain in his own country; and had died one month too soon to rejoice in the blessed revolution of Warsaw."

"Happy rather that he so died!" exclaimed Casavecchia; "he died in the belief that his country was permanently freed from the invaders. He was saved disappointment as bitter as our own now is."

"Here," said Horace Enderby, not replying to the sad exclamation of his patriotic friend; "here is a tomb that interests me: see the pretty simple inscription to the young wife who had died in the village there below, and whose husband brought her here at her own request. She was right—

For never was holier starting-place given,
Whence the soul might unfurl its young pinions for heaven."

"Aye," sighed Casavecchia; "she also is to be envied; or, at least, she would be if

she were an Italian : she lived in love, and died before the hopes of her country were destroyed."

"Cheer up, my friend," said the Englishman; "this noble landscape seems to depress you still more."

"It does!" replied the Piemontese. "Who can look on that barrier of rock and snow, that seems purposely placed there by heaven to protect our country, and think, without scorn and despair, of the people who have not union and bravery enough to defend it?"

"Nay, nay; no one can reproach you Italians with want of bravery," replied Enderby. "You have fought well against overwhelming numbers. With undisciplined troops, and still more raw volunteers, you have attacked and taken almost every fortified town in that great plain of Lombardy and Venice. You have fought pitched battles, in which you have often been victors, and from no one of which have you retired without honour. At Vincenza, you know the very Austrians told us, when you signed the capitulation, that they esteemed

it an honour to fight against such gallant enemies. At Goito, your King and his eldest son were both wounded: and, certainly, Carlo Alberto and both his sons have, throughout this campaign, exposed themselves with the rashness of knight errantry rather than with the prudence of generals."

"At the earlier battle of Santa Lucia," said Casavecchia, animated by the praises of the Englishman, "the conduct of the King and Princes was still more admirable. You saw how unmoved Carlo Alberto sat his horse while the cannon of old Radetzky played upon him. You saw how he never flinched while horse and trooper and aide-de-camp went down beside him: and then, when we were obliged to retreat, when the Duke of Savoy rode up at the head of his regiment and exclaimed, 'Father, our brave fellows in that summer-house must not be left in the hands of the enemy!'—you saw how they both made another dash through the serried ranks of Austria, and brought them off in safety. Aye, and you saw how the King remained until the very last, and

had the wounded carefully placed upon carriages and brought away."

Such, indeed, had been the conduct of this gallant sovereign and his sons; and from such family characteristics, had the then Duke of Savoy, Victor Emanuel, inherited the feeling which induced him, when the cholera raged with fatal violence at Genoa in the summer of 1854, to leave his wife and children at Turin, and to visit the infected city and the cholera wards of all its hospitals. Pius the Ninth has been much and deservedly praised, that he did the same, and administered the consolations of religion to the dying patients. But while we do justice to the magnanimity of the Pontiff, let us not forget to honour the self-denial of the married sovereign and father.

For a while, the two young men thus fought their battles over again with forced enthusiasm; but it soon flagged on the part of Casavecchia; and Horace Enderby exclaimed, "the war originated in a glorious impulse; but it was madness not to conclude it when Austria offered to surrender Lom-

bardy. The chivalric feeling of your king would not permit him to leave Venice subject to the German; but there was not power in Piedmont, nor principle in the rest of Italy to support him. Betrayed by the King of Naples, discouraged by the Pope, deserted by so many of the Roman volunteers, and neglected by the Lombards themselves, who did not rise as they ought to have done,—the cause of Italy had not a chance after the first burst of enthusiasm which drove the invaders beyond the Alps. Indeed, my dear fellow, the people of the south of Italy are not worthy of freedom. I have been so disgusted with them ever since the slaughter of those three prisoners they tore from us and murdered at Treviso, that I almost think they deserve their fate.”

“Bad enough, I own they are,” replied Casavecchia; “but there was some provocation even for that horrid deed of cowardly vengeance. We cannot forget the Austrian revenge on the inhabitants of the little town of Castelnova, when, having set fire to it, they killed all who attempted to escape,

and drove the people back to perish in the flames. It was a base revenge the Austrians took upon the poor people for having welcomed us; and we cannot wonder that the Italians resented it, although I, as much as you, lament the horrid murder of the prisoners."

"You do not defend it, Casavecchia, I am aware," replied the Englishman; "and you must agree with me that the minds of your country people are always oscillating between the heroically-sublime and the diabolically-base. What could be more heroic than the manner in which the Milanese expelled the Austrians, five months ago? What could be more base than their recent treatment of your king, Carlo Alberto? He had spent the treasure and the blood of his people: he had freely exposed his own life and that of his sons in fighting their cause against an overwhelming army of Austrians; and when, at length, borne down by numbers and discipline and by the generalship of old Radetzky, he had fought his last battle under their walls (on the 6th of August),

when he still kept back the enraged conquerors from the open city, and extorted from them such terms as secured the person and property of the inhabitants,—how did they requite him for all he had done !”

“How !” interrupted Casavecchia, indignantly breaking into the recital : “How did they requite him ? Let the world remember it ever as a black spot upon the Italian character, which I, at least, cannot attempt to efface. They rose upon him in fury ; they surrounded his palace ; they greeted him with cries of treachery. Did they not even strive to set the palace on fire that they might destroy the champion of Italy in its flames ? Did they not compel us to rescue him with our infantry ? And was he not obliged to escape in the middle of the night, from the fury of traitors, who fired into his carriage as he passed ? Yes, I own, and I blush as I own, that such has been the conduct of Italians.”

“However,” said Horace Enderby, in soothing tones, and wishing to calm the indignant anger of his friend, “the truce is

signed : Austria has recovered all that it had lost ; and your king is returned within his own frontiers. Let us cast our eyes once more over this glorious landscape, and then hasten down to our horses. Mount San Salvadore has delayed us about three hours ; but we can still reach Lago Maggiore long before midday.”

Everyone knows how much easier it is to descend than to climb a steep mountain : and, with leaps and bounds from rock to rock and from terrace to terrace, the two young men raced down the path they had climbed with so much toil. At the foot of the promontory, they found their horses and an escort of half a score of well-appointed Piemontese troopers ; and, vaulting into their saddles, trotted rapidly along the excellent carriage-road that circles that beautiful lake. This is the high road from the St. Gothard to Milan. Commencing at Lucerne and ending at Como, it is by far the most beautiful of any of the passes of the Alps. The little troop, however, left it by an abrupt turn to the right, and rode

briskly forward amid small volcanic lakes and hills covered with the richest produce of that most favoured soil and climate. In a couple of hours, they drew bridle and breathed their horses as they rose up a long and somewhat steep ascent. At the summit, a magnificent prospect opened before them. In front, and between them and the road that descended from the Simplon, lay the bright expanse of Lago Maggiore; uniting, as it were, the snow-capped chain of the Alps with the sunny plains of Italy. Beyond it, uprose the pretty village of Baveno, the picturesque town of Arona, overlooked by its giant statue of St. Charles Borromeo; while on its smiling bosom, the Isola Bella, the Isola Madre, and the other Island of the Fishermen, seemed to float in gladness. At the feet of our two friends, was the little town of Luino, nestled amid groves of olive and of mulberry trees, and washed by the waters of the lake. Near the shore, and just seen through the boughs and tops of the overhanging trees, a small steamer lay at anchor.

Marchese Casavecchia and his friend gazed for a few minutes, delighted; and then began slowly to walk their horses down the steep road that led to Luino. They were soon challenged by a sentinel perched on a bank above the road, who called out, "Halt!" and "Qui vive?"

"A friend: Colonel Casavecchia, of the army of Piemont, with a pass to your leader," replied the young man.

The sentinel took the pass, and handing it to one of his fellows, bade him take it to the chief; while he civilly requested the officers to wait where they were until the messenger should return. They were delayed but a few minutes, when the other, reappearing, gave back the pass to Casavecchia, and desired him and his companions to follow. After walking a quarter of a mile, he led them off from the public road, and by a pathway turning to the left and descending amid the trees towards the edge of the water. They turned round a stone fence, and found themselves almost in the midst of as wild a looking party, seated

and lying upon the bare rocks in the shade of the olive and tufted chestnut trees, as ever went a-gypsying on a summer morning.

He who was evidently their leader, at once rose and courteously came forwards. His dress, which, in the distance, was most picturesque, was like that of many of his banditti-looking companions. Large pointed boots, falling loose round the calves of his legs, met unusually wide breeches that were buttoned below his knees. A wide scarf of green silk drawn tight round his waist, girt in a puffed and slashed tunic of scarlet cloth. Over his shoulders, was flung a Bedouin's cloak of brown cloth, with a great capote like that of the Capuchin monks. A curved scimitar hung at his hip, while pistols and daggers were stuck into his belt. As he came towards Casavecchia, he politely raised from his brows a broad South American hat, à la Bolivar; and so drew attention to the features of him who was so wildly decked out. His person was of the middle size, well knit together and spare; but muscular, and with a spring in every limb, like

that of a racehorse or a lion, Long flowing locks of flaxen hair were parted over his broad forehead, and curled down his shoulders. A short red beard concealed the lower part of his thin face ; but that broad forehead and the grave steady look of his piercing blue eyes instantly fixed the glance and the mind of the beholder, and shewed that they were animated by no common character. Casavecchia and Horace Enderby thought they had never seen eyes so unflinching, and features so expressive of pride and of frankness, of generosity and of severity. They felt kindly confidence towards him at once, as he came near them with the air of a sovereign ; and as, in a voice of extraordinary depth, but in accents strangely slow and measured and modulated by a sentiment of self-reliance which never allowed them to be quickened or disturbed,—he asked what had procured him the honour of this visit from the gallant Colonel Casavecchia.

“ General Garibaldi,” replied the young man, “ it is I who deem myself honoured in thus becoming acquainted with one who,

for fourteen years, has made the name of Italy to be respected and feared by the tyrants of South America.”

The dreaded condottiere held out his right hand to the Piemontese ; and, stretching his left to Enderby, replied : “ This officer, I think, is an Englishman. I but followed, at Monte Video and on the eastern coast of South America, the bright example which his countryman, Lord Cochrane, had set by his own daring on the western shore of the same continent. But come, gentlemen, and join our party,” he said. “ Your escort can fasten up their horses under the trees ; and, I doubt not, will find good cheer amongst my fellows. You must permit me to introduce you to my wife. See, she stands there beside the bare rock—that has been our dinner table on this joyful occasion.”

The female figure which rose from its rocky seat to receive them, was no less striking than that of the wild leader himself. In one of the expeditions which he had commanded against the empire of Brazil—

(and Garibaldi, like other leaders, from his famous countryman Andrea Doria down to the notorious Captain Dalgetty, had been ever ready to give his services to those who would engage them: although, unlike the prototypes we have mentioned, he would only fight in the cause of what he called liberty; which meant of republican or revolted provinces)—in one of the expeditions which he had commanded against the empire of Brazil, seven years before, his little vessel had been followed by two imperial brigantines into the wide bay of Laguna, on the sunny coast of the province of St. Catherine. Blockaded in these quiet waters, he had surrendered his own liberty to the charms of a young girl of Laguna. She admired, and declared that she would join his adventurous career. They had wed: and a few nights afterwards, he had caused his little vessel to be towed from her hiding-place in one of the wooded creeks of the bay. In the shadows of the darkest night, it had slipped between the two imperial ships, that were watching for it,

at anchor. The adventurer sent all his men silently and with muffled oars to a distance, while he himself and his young bride stepped into one of the smallest pinnaces of the country. She held the oars while he swung himself to a porthole of his own galley and applied a match to a train already laid. He dropped again into the pinnace, and bravely he pulled the oars, and bravely his little Anita steered into the outer darkness, while the spark ran along to the full powder magazine of his doomed galley, and while it blew up with a shock that tore to pieces the heavy imperialist brigantines sleeping on each side of it. As the young bride laughed merrily at the sight, he clasped her to his arms, saying, "The galley could not escape from them: and I could not spare time to linger longer here. So have we celebrated our wedding!"

Anita Garibaldi, who now stood to receive the visitors whom her husband led forward, was dressed and armed like him. Slender in her person, and with a beautiful figure, she was as dark as a creole. Her

features were small, but perfect. Her large black eyes, fringed with long lashes, had a somewhat sad and melancholy expression, which strangely belied the happy smile of her lips and the joyous cast of her whole countenance. A pretty blush shone through her olive skin, as she put out her little hard hand to receive her husband's visitors ; and then, yielding to the claims of a young boy of about six years of age, who pulled at her crimson jacket, she sank down again on the rock, with something of the languid movements of a West Indian ; while the intelligent and animated and inquiring cast of her whole features showed that she had energy of will that might suffice for a hero. Never were the characteristics of the pretty peasant girl and of the beautiful high-born lady, of the languid slave-owner and of the spirited soldier's wife, more charmingly blended together.

"I am truly glad to meet you here, Signora," exclaimed Casavecchia, with cordiality : "we heard that a mischance had befallen you—that you were made prisoner

by the Austrians under the walls of Milan."

"You heard truly, Signor Colonello," replied the female and feminine warrior, while a glow of animation overspread her beautiful countenance. "I was taken prisoner in that unfortunate battle; but when I heard from the other captives that my husband was reported to be slain while fighting like a lion to release me, I could remain a prisoner no longer. It behoved me to ascertain if the tale were true or false. I waited—I need not say in what cruel uncertainty—until night. Then, when all was dark and silent, I crept out from Radetzky's encampment, and seized the horse of the trooper who mounted guard over us, which he had left while he passed, for a while, to and fro before our quarters. It was the affair of a moment to leap into the saddle and gallop away; while his silly bullet whizzed past my face. I was equally fortunate in passing through the outposts of the camp."

"It was a wonderful escape!" exclaimed Horace Enderby.

“The worst was to come,” continued Anita Garibaldi: “I went to the battlefield, and had to turn over every corpse that looked at all like him, and examine it. It was a time of horrid suspense, that search! But at last, I was able to fall on my knees and thank heaven that he was not amongst them. I came away directly towards the mountains, and heard of him at Arona.”

The tear that stood in those full black eyes, when she spoke of the report of her husband’s death: and the steady resolve that stamped itself on her features, when she told how she had turned over the bloody bodies of the slain, gave evidence of the strange mixture of tenderness and of courage that formed the character of this heroic and beautiful young creature.

“She is a true soldier’s wife, gentlemen!” exclaimed Garibaldi, looking proudly and fondly at her. “Let me pour you out a glass of wine to her health,” he added, as they all seated themselves again around the flat rock that had served for a table. Their

walk to the top of Mount San Salvatore, and their brisk ride since, had made our two friends nothing loth to partake in the fare so frankly offered: and in a few minutes they were all cheerily eating and drinking together.

“Apparently, General, you have been singing the praises of the Signora?” suggested Horace Enderby, pointing to a guitar that lay on the heath beside them.

“She and Italy alone inspire me,” replied the husband: “and, to-day, we rejoice for her escape from Radetzky and for our happy reunion: there is little enough to rejoice for now in the state of Italy,” he added, with a sigh.

The two young men were not aware that this singular being had, in truth, a soul attuned to music; and frequently composed poems of rare merit—of which his beloved Italy was always the theme.

“It is, General, on the state of Italy that I am come to speak with you,” said Casavecchia. “I was anxious to become personally acquainted with you and with your

lovely and heroic lady : and his Majesty permitted me to be the bearer to you of a notification that he has concluded a truce with Marshal Radetzky, and to invite you to conform to it."

"Never, Marquis Casavecchia !" exclaimed Garibaldi, yet speaking in the same regular, measured tones ; "never : and I much misdoubt the temper of the thousand or fifteen hundred followers who are about me, if they will consider the war of Italy ended."

"It is only a truce for a few months," interposed Casavecchia.

"A truce made by the king in the middle of what has been degraded into a royal war, will not bind us," said the leader. "Oh, if you could but feel," he added, "how eagerly, how fondly I have looked forward to the time when I could plant my foot upon my native soil, and strike a blow for the independence of Italy ! Whether in the Levant and on the shores of the Black Sea,—whether on the sunny hills of Provence or on the burning shores of Rio

Janeiro, in poverty and in wealth, a political fugitive from the Italian troubles of 1831, a poor merchant sailor, or at the head of victorious armies,—ever, ever have I felt the same steady, earnest longing to help and to save my country ! Italy was always in my heart, it was always on my lips. It was crushed by tyrants, and I dared not approach. The sovereignty of Monte Video was within my grasp when I heard of the great hopes raised by Pio Nino—of his endeavours for the improvement and the liberty of Italy. It may have been that he was misjudged. But I, at least, was true to my aspirations. I immediately wrote to Monsignor Bedini, who was then Papal Internuncio at Rio Janeiro : ‘ If these hands,’ I wrote, ‘ if these hands, not unaccustomed to the use of arms, could be acceptable to his Holiness, most willingly will we devote them to him who is doing such service to the Church and to our country. If we can only be employed to uphold the salutary measures of Pius the Ninth, most happy shall I, and the comrades in whose name

I write, esteem ourselves, if we may be permitted to devote to him our blood.' ”

“ This is news to me ! ” exclaimed Casavecchia, “ may I ask what answer you received from Monsignor Bedini ? ”

“ A most polite letter and civil words that meant nothing, ” replied the adventurer. “ But did this, ” he continued, “ dishearten us from the thought of helping forward the regeneration of our country ? Not so ! The Italian merchants in South America assisted me. Aided by their donations, I was enabled to select upwards of one hundred of the bravest and strongest of my followers : to equip them and buy horse-gear, such as they had been used to in those countries. Aided by these donations, I chartered a vessel, too rashly named *The Hope*, and casting to the winds all my high position and prospects in South America, I unfurled the tricolor banner of Italy, and sped across the Atlantic to assist in the deliverance of my country. ”

The solemn enthusiasm of Garibaldi's words and manner deeply touched all the

patriotic sympathies of Federigo Casavecchia. He stretched across the rock, and seizing the willing hand of the adventurer, grasped it nervously, but in silence. A tear of love and pride rose to the large black eye of Anita as she looked on her heroic husband. After a pause of a few minutes, during which no one spoke, the Guerilla chief resumed his narrative.

“It was a proud moment,” he said, “that of my departure from Monte Video! Foreign consuls would have delayed it, fearing lest I was about to attempt some predatory expedition in the West Indies: the Monte Videans besought me to remain and defend them against the tyrant Rosas; but the Italian merchants and exiles were there cheering me on to the regeneration of Italy. It was a glorious day!”

“He does not tell you, Signori,” interposed Anita, “that, in the midst of all this triumph, a poor negro fell overboard, and that, while all the people were shouting and screaming, and leaving him to drown, my Garibaldi leapt into the sea, and,

dragging the poor fellow from amongst the vessels, swam with him to the quay."

"And now, returning to business," said Garibaldi: "now after all my hopes, my sacrifices and my labours, your king asks me to acknowledge his truce with Austria, and to lay by the sword that I have drawn for Italy! Tell him that my heart is all Italian; and that, jealous of the honour of my name, I will not bow to the misfortunes which have lately overwhelmed his army. Tell him that rather than condescend to any treaty with the Austrians, I and my few faithful followers will fall before them, sword in hand. I disown every and any truce. I proclaim the right of every citizen to oppose the ruin and the disgrace of his country. Strong in the mission which his country entrusts to whoever has the courage to fulfil it, I proclaim myself the champion of Italian independence."

The deep solemnity with which he spoke these words took from them the air of bravado, with which they would have come from any ordinary man. He rose

from his seat, with a gesture that intimated that he had given his answer, and that the conference was ended.

“Wild words, General Garibaldi!” exclaimed Casavecchia, also rising to his feet: “excuse me for saying that these wild purposes are better suited to the latitudes from whence you come, than to these more settled countries. You have, we believe, not fifteen hundred men with you. You have seized these steamers on Lago Maggiore, and may, I own, make predatory descents upon the quiet shores: but you cannot hold those shores,—you cannot meet the unbroken and increasing legions of Radetzky. Believe me, that your words, inspired, I well see, by Mazzini, only breathe the sentiments of a wild enthusiast, who has been so long an exile from Italy, that he knows nothing of its wants or possibilities.”

“I do not deny,” replied the wanderer proudly, “that I have listened to the sentiments of Mazzini, and that, by my faith! I am inclined to think him right. When I

see that the Papal Allocution has withdrawn Rome from the cause of Italy ; when I see that the King of Naples has betrayed it ; when I suspect that your King of Sardinia, having waged a royal war and striven to aggrandize himself at the same time that he fought, gallantly I own, the cause of Italian independence—has now concluded a truce with the unswerving enemy of freedom all over the world—when I see and consider all this, I avow that I am inclined to adopt Mazzini's theory, and to believe that princes and Austrians must alike be driven out of Italy. Venice, however," he added, "has refused to recognize the truce ; and the hopes of Italian nationality may still be kept alive there until more prosperous times. Gentlemen," continued Garibaldi, but in tones the most respectful and courteous, "I regret to say that our conference is ended."

"Indeed I lament that it must be so," answered the Piedmontese envoy. "I must, however, remark that had the chivalrous exertions of my king, who has, in truth,

almost fought this campaign alone, and unassisted by other Italian States, had they been animated by the ambitious views you and Mazzini attribute to him, he would not have refused the crown of Sicily which the Sicilians unanimously tendered to his son. He sent me hither in the hope of saving an useless effusion of blood in a Guerilla warfare. He will deeply lament that my mission has failed."

Horace Enderby, who had not deemed it right to take part in the conference between the royal envoy and the wild chief, had stood beside Anita and listened, in silence, to what each had said: her little boy, who thought the holiday and the pic-nic most unfairly interrupted by such grave discourse, had been kept quiet with some difficulty. He now saw, by the attitude of all, that it was at an end; and running across to Casavecchia, took his hand, and said "Addio, Signore; Addio!"

"Thou art anxious to get rid of me, little fellow, art thou not?" answered the young man, smiling. "General Garibaldi and you,

Signora, I must, indeed, say farewell. If you will not rest on your arms as we do, for the present, I trust that we may soon again stand, side by side, for the good cause we have both equally at heart."

The four took a courteous leave of one another. The young men mounted their horses, and followed by their escort, were soon speeding to overtake the army of Piedmont, which, broken and disheartened, was now returning within its own frontier.

"My only consolation," said Casavecchia, "is in the thought that this truce with Austria cannot last long:" and they both rode forwards in silence.*

* It may be as well to assure the reader, once for all, that the history, character, conduct, personal appearance, and fate of Garibaldi and his wife, and the anecdotes related of them in these volumes, are drawn from the report of those who knew them, or from other authorities, the truth of which may be relied upon, as they are, in general, unfriendly to the wild, ungovernable leader.

CHAPTER V.

The band struck up, and each his partner chose.

The band strikes up. What inborn energies

The dancers show! What heartfelt mirth! What truth
Of ear and heel! And all are courteous: all
Show they enjoy their common festival.

*Letter from Mary Agelthorpe to her former
governess, Miss Webb.*

“PRINCESS DORILANTE has lately given us a grand ball, at an unusual season. I must describe it.

“Our carriage-wheels rattled noisily along the streets of Rome. Here and there, a large lamp threw a fitful glare around, and disclosed to view dark figures, muffled in Venetian cloaks, hurrying to the same place of destination as ourselves. In these silent and deserted streets—remembering English stories of Italian bravos—one could almost fancy the assassin waiting to plunge

his dagger into the breast of his unsuspecting victim. Indeed, one evening, last spring, when on our way to a ball, we heard a slight noise at the end of the street, and had been but a few minutes in the ball-room, when M. de Valance joined us, and said that a man had just been assassinated in the very street through which we had passed, and that the slight noise we had heard was occasioned by the momentary scuffle.

“The Palazzo Dorilante was now brilliantly illuminated. A long line of carriages was before us; and servants were running to and fro in every direction with lanterns in their hands. Our carriage stopped at the door opened on these grand occasions; and we ascended the usual broad flight of stairs. The heavy curtain, hung before the door of the entrance-hall, was raised by our footman; and our name was repeated by one servant after another, until it reached the reception-room. We, however, had first to pass through a suite of brilliantly-lighted saloons, in the centre of which, on tables

of beautiful Florentine mosaic, stood immense vases, filled with rare hot-house flowers, which shed a delicious perfume around. In the last saloon, was the celebrated silver cradle, which once adorned the gallery, but which was now filled with flowers.

“Near the door of the reception-room, we were met by our graceful and elegant hostess. After the usual interchange of nothings, she said to me, ‘I do not think you are acquainted with my little daughter. I must introduce you to one another.’ So saying, she took me by the hand, and led me through the crowd of gentlemen, who separated at her approach. Round the mantel-piece, stood a circle of Cardinals, who had been invited for the *prima-sera*, or *avant-soirée*. Cardinal Altieri recognized me with a good-humoured nod ; Cardinal Antonelli with a stately bow ; Cardinal Gigante with a grunt of pleasure. We passed on, until we reached the place where the young Princess Lucrezia Dorilante was seated with her English governess. The

Princess introduced us ; and then, seating me beside her daughter, she left us, as she said, ‘ to improve our acquaintance.’

“ The Princess Lucrezia resembles her mother most strikingly. She is only thirteen or fourteen, but is very tall for her age, and looks, indeed, several years older. For some time, we were left tête-à-tête. Presently, however, we were joined by her cousins ; and a short time afterwards, another young girl came towards us. The young Princess rose, went across the room to meet the new-comer, took her hand, kissed her on both cheeks, and led her to a seat on the other side of herself. It was the young Princess Del Borgo, the *débûtante* of the evening.

“ It was late when the ball began. The Cardinals stayed an unusually long time ; and, until their departure, the dancing could not begin. Not that this is always the case ; for, on one occasion, Cardinal Altieri stood, at our own house, directly behind me, looking on, while I was dancing. At length, my partner, a near relation of

the lady of the house, came for me, and we entered the ball-room, which was almost empty. It was a very large room ; but it was not well lighted ; and the floor, which was covered with a painted canvas, was not pleasant to dance on. The master of ceremonies, Signore Costa, a comical-looking little personage, rather like a tailor, but who nevertheless is dancing-master to all the highest families in Rome, stood leaning against a porphyry table at one end of the ball-room, with his eyes fixed upon the band, which was placed in a gallery at the opposite end. The front of this gallery was wreathed with evergreens and flowers ; and in the centre was a transparency, on which was inscribed the name of the dance, and which was, of course, changed at the end of each dance.

“ ‘ Do you see that very handsome young man standing close to us ? ’ whispered my partner, Duke Quattromali, pointing out a very tall, fair, rather good-looking youth with moustaches, but with a decidedly-disagreeable expression about his mouth.

“ ‘ Yes ; but he is not so very handsome,’
I replied ; ‘ who is he ?’

“ ‘ Prince Frederick William of Prussia, said to be the fiancé of your Princess Royal. He is but just come to Rome. I am surprised that you do not think him handsome. He is the admiration of all the ladies.’

“ At this moment, the Prince of Prussia gave the signal for dancing, by leading out his partner, and beginning the waltz, which always opens a Roman ball. The Prince waltzed remarkably well, and is said to be exceedingly fond of dancing. At the conclusion of the waltz, a quadrille was formed of the *grandees*, who had not waltzed, which none of the Roman Princesses ever do. As my partner for this dance was Prince Augustiniani, I found myself forming one of a very select quadrille of eight, with Princess Dorilante and the Prince of Prussia for our *vis-à-vis*, Princess di Riano and Prince Dorilante on one side ; Princess Del Foro and Duke Quattromali on the other.

“ One of the characteristics of the young Prince of Prussia, which struck me most

forcibly, was his excessive hauteur ; he looked absolutely overbearing. When, for instance, in La Poule, he extended his hand to me, he did so with an offensive air of proud condescension, as if he thought me honoured in the extreme by the touch of his glove. I felt quite provoked ; and gave my hand in return with as much carelessness as I could assume in common civility. The action did not escape his notice ; and when, in La Pastorale, we again met, his Royal Highness smiled and gave his hand much more courteously.

“ Next to the ball-room, was a smaller dancing-room, into which no one had, as yet, penetrated. I was proceeding, on the arm of Lord Dungarron, to seek a space for the Lancers, which we were about to dance, when Princess Dorilante touched my arm, and said, ‘ Oh, if you are going to dance the Lancers, will you oblige me by going into the next room. I want to draw people there ; for this room is intolerably hot.’

“ We went in, and were joined in a moment by Princess Luigia Del Borgo. The

little Princess was the star of the evening, but went away very early.

“The Lancers is quite a new dance in Rome, and it is amusing to see the very low bows of the Roman gentlemen and their excessive solemnity, and the very slight *reverences*, but equal gravity, of the Roman ladies. In truth, it is not a dance which suits them.

“I had seen so much throughout the winter of the excessive seclusion in which Italian young ladies are kept, that I was surprised in the course of this evening, to observe that there were six Italian girls in the room, laughing, talking, and flirting, without any of the restraint usually attributed to them. Two of them were now in the same set of Lancers with me. The music and dancing proceeded gloriously until we reached the third figure, where the four ladies join hands after the courtesy, and dance the moulinet : in the very midst of this, the music suddenly stopped, to the consternation of all the mystified dancers, and I found myself standing in the centre,

locked hand in hand with the beautiful and lively little Princess Beatrice Orsini, a girl not yet sixteen. We both laughed, and immediately made acquaintance. She is a remarkably nice girl, and I have often since been glad of the mistake in the music, which caused us to know one another. There were seven or eight young brides last winter, and I found myself in one quadrille, which, with the exception of myself, was composed entirely of them. I also once chanced to find myself one in a quadrille of eight couples of the first Roman princes, every other lady of which was, by birth a foreigner, married to one of these grandees. Eight Roman princes, and many other of the minor nobles, are, in fact, married to English and French women.

“The supper had been laid out in the picture-gallery, one end of which was curtained off for the occasion. But this arrangement was very inconvenient, for the beautiful gallery was exceedingly narrow for such a purpose, and the people all pressing in at once, caused a dreadful crush.

“ The dancing concluded with a cotillon, danced extremely à l’Anglaise, that is, violently energetic; and the ball broke up at about four in the morning, which is an unusually late hour in Rome.

“ All these, my dear Miss Webb, are very small matters to write to you about from Rome: but you will not let me tell you things that you can read in a guide-book, nor poetical effusions à la ‘Corinne’ and ‘Childe Harold.’—What, then, can I write about? However, you may still feel some interest in learning how your little pupil disports herself in a Roman ball-room, and how Roman balls are really managed. Not even Murray—the best of all guide-books—can tell you this.

“ The Prince of Prussia was coming to a ball at our own house: but sent to mama to express his sorrow to find that etiquette forbade him to go to any private houses but those of Roman princes. I have been counting up these latter, and find that there are twenty-five princely families in Rome, besides minor nobles.”

CHAPTER VI.

Accurst by man,—accurst by man and God,
Be the base knave, who, for his own base end,
E'er woo'd the stranger o'er the Alps, and trod
With him his native soil, and called him friend !
Why with such traitors teems the Italian sod ?
No other land such height and baseness blend.
No other land sells—prostitutes itself,
For petty jealousies and petty pelf !

COUNT MAMIANI, whose name now represents the principles of the constitutional party in Rome, had been dismissed with disgrace, because he required that the sovereign should govern through his parliament and ministry in purely temporal and civil matters: he claimed no right to counsel or interfere in religious affairs. Pius the Ninth and the Cardinals did not so understand the working of the constitution they had granted; and Mamiani's cabinet was broken up. Another was formed by an old man of

seventy, as prime minister ; by a minister of war, pledged to keep the peace ; and by Galetti, the favourite of the clubs.

A division of the Austrian army, with the Italian renegade, Alpi, had invaded the country, and occupied Bologna. The Pope had protested ; his minister of war had called upon the people to rise, and had been dismissed for his pains ; but the people had risen, and after a contest which lasted four hours, the Austrians had been expelled. On the 11th of August, the triumph of the people was known in Rome ; and the ministry rejoiced and opened lists for the enrolment of volunteers.

“ Can you marvel at the excitement of the Romans under such contradictory counsels ? ” exclaimed Middleton Agelthorpe to Mr. Vernon, as they read the proclamation at the corner of one of the streets.

“ Can you marvel at the discordance of the counsels ? ” asked Mr. Vernon, in reply. “ Consider how the poor Pontiff has been badgered by these rascally liberals. Consider how, for three months, he has been

obliged to do violence to his conscience by that Mamiani, whom I believe, notwithstanding his pretended moderation, to have himself fanned the anger of the clubs that bore him to power."

"It is not likely that we shall agree on that subject," answered Agelthorpe, laughing. "I am an English Catholic, and a constitutionalist. I see no difficulty in a constitutional government, and believe it and a federation of the different States to be the only system possible for Rome and Italy. You are a high-Church Protestant, and an approver of despotism. You look upon the Austrians as the necessary police of Italy, and would make the sovereign, whether Pope at Rome, or King at Naples, supreme and sole ruler in spirituals as well as temporals. It is not likely that we shall agree. Let us walk to the Cancellaria and see what they are doing in their house of commons."

Loud was the noise that came to them from the handsome hall, so soon as they entered the wide court of the Palace. They ascended the stairs and forced their way

into the strangers' gallery, then and always crowded with uproarious listeners. When they entered, Mamiani himself was in the tribune; and, in flowing language and eloquent periods, was taking the tone of a moderator, while he said all that was most likely to urge the people to insist upon taking part in the War of Independence. He had just carried a motion to confer on the King of Piedmont the title of First Citizen of Italy—a title rather at variance with his own royal position and that of Papal and Princely Rome in which it was made.

“I told you,” said Mr. Vernon, in a whisper to Middleton Agelthorpe—“I told you the fellow was a traitor.”

We cannot delay to describe the several speeches; or to paint the uproarious scene the house at times presented. It is true that the majority of the members were men of moderation and of more or less eminence: but we all know how two or three disorderly mob orators may disturb the dignified bearing of any assembly. Thus, when Pietro Sterbini, in his great black beard and spectacles, rushed to the tribune and, furiously

gesticulating, abused the ill-starred Allocution against the war, and proposed that the new republic of France should be asked to interfere for the protection of the liberties of Italy ; and while he carried his motion, amid the acclamation of the galleries, the Prince of Canino could not even permit his own views to be propounded without interruption. It was impossible to anticipate the conduct and wayward vagaries of this princely mob orator. Without a moment's consideration, he interrupted every speaker in turn ; was ever on his legs ; spoke again and again on the same subject ; and when the murmurs of the house intimated that they would hear him no more, he would raise his stentorian voice—that nothing could drown—and, addressing himself to the strangers in the gallery, secure their applause with theatrical gestures and vehemence suited only to such an audience. The Prince of Canino was, indeed, the marplot of constitutional government in Rome,—the night-mare of Pius the Ninth, and of all who wished, like him, to establish rational freedom.

When the two Englishmen left the gallery of the house, Mr. Vernon was as evidently overjoyed as Middleton Agelthorpe was grieved at the violent scene they had witnessed.

The parliament was soon after constitutionally prorogued by the sovereign until that 15th of November, which was destined to be so sadly remembered in the annals of modern Rome.

But the troubles of Bologna were far from being at an end. Radetzky had, in truth, recalled Marshal Welden, and intimated that the latter had exceeded his authority in advancing to the town from which he had been so ignominiously beaten back: but the populace of the city had tasted the excitement of victory, and retained in their hands the arms which they had used against the invaders. These arms they would not surrender. Amid a population of eighty thousand inhabitants, the rabble reigned supreme; and throughout Italy, the Mazzinian republicans boasted of the victory which they, the people, had been able to achieve over the Austrians; and, contrast-

ing it with the defeats suffered by Carlo Alberto, cried out for “a popular government”—“a popular war”—“the people, and only the people.” Horrors without number were committed by the populace. A political exile named Zambianchi, a scoundrel whom we shall hereafter see distinguish himself at Rome, took upon himself the character of police officer of the mob, and arrested, condemned, and executed whomsoever he pleased; while the more respectable inhabitants stood shivering by, and waited until their turn should come. An accident put an end to the riots in Bologna:—the villain, Zambianchi, was cast into prison; and order was restored in the second city of the Papal States.

Once more, the Roman government was warned that the repression of outbreaks such as had disgraced Bologna, could only be temporary, unless something were done to satisfy the just demands of the people;—unless it discountenanced and removed those public officers who were known to be plot-

ting against the reformatory wishes of the Pope ;—unless it frankly adopted the constitution which the sovereign had granted, and gave convincing evidence that it would proclaim a national policy.

The government would or could do none of these things. It had long been impossible to find a minister of war who would pledge himself to repress the warlike propensities of the people: and poor old Count Fabbri and his friends at length admitted themselves unqualified to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm that was brewing. The sovereign had, once more, recourse to Pellegrino Rossi ; and on the 16th of September, the Gazette announced that he had accepted the office of prime minister. So quietly had the Roman nobles slunk back from the conduct of public affairs, that one only of their order was included in the new ministry: the Duca di Rignano still gave it the sanction of his talents and high position as minister of public works and also of war—until a peaceable man could be found to undertake the latter office.

CHAPTER VII.

For let us ask :—can fairest landscapes please,
And skies, though ever bright and clear and blue,
The fondly-craving heart alone appease,
Alone tinge life with their own roseate hue ?
When all around is gladness, hope, and ease,
When rapture thrills the breast and life is new,
Then be one mind, one kindred bosom nigh,
To beat with thine in holy sympathy.

PELLEGRINO ROSSI, formerly an Italian political exile, a friend of M. Guizot, and appointed by him ambassador from France to Rome, until the downfall of M. Guizot and Louis Philippe, since which event he had been replaced by the Duc d'Harcourt, —Pellegrino Rossi had, at length, yielded to the Pope's earnest wish, and had undertaken the post of Prime-minister. He had always been a most liberal man ; a supporter of all the reforms granted by Pio Nono ; but also strongly recommending that

Rome should take part in the national war. He was known to be clever, resolute, and severe: and the republicans and revolutionists, whose numbers had been so greatly increased by late events, foresaw that they would have little chance of making head against him. It was therefore their policy to cry him down, as a friend of that Guizot whose illiberal policy, they said, had caused his master to be driven from the throne of France:—as a retrograde devoted to the Pope and the clergy. In a satirical newspaper, called *Don Pirlone*, which had just been started at Rome, a caricature was immediately put forth which represented him dressed as a sacristan, with papal tiara on his head, walking in a procession of clergy and swinging a censer, the fumes of which were collected together by a little image of Mazzini, and modelled into the figure of a Phrygian-capped republic.

In the provinces, men were better pleased with the prospect of a strong government, in place of the vacillating or democratic policy they had been used to of late: and

Bologna elected Rossi one of its representatives in parliament.

And little time did the new minister lose in shewing that he was resolved to put down sedition and to cause the laws to be obeyed. He collected a few hundred regular troops in Rome to overawe the rabble ; and he caused the disturbers of the public peace to be arrested, however popular they might be with the mob. The blood-thirsty *Zambianchi*, whose doings at Bologna we have lately recorded, and *Padre Gavazzi*, whose mob-oratory was endangering the public peace, were both brought prisoners to Rome. The sovereign entirely supported his minister : he placed a small tax on all ecclesiastical revenues, and persuaded the clergy to advance money to meet the necessities of the state. He began to establish electric telegraphs, and planned railroads throughout the Pontifical dominions.

Nor did he neglect to work for the national league first imagined by *Pio Nono*, and for which he has had so little credit. Let us recapitulate its leading features.

The confederation was to provide for—

The abolition of custom-houses between the states :

The integrity of the territories of each contracting state :

The organization of a central diet meeting at Rome, which should be empowered to declare war and peace, and to fix the contingent of troops to be supplied and maintained by each state, both in times of peace and of war :

The settlement of commercial treaties for the whole confederation with foreign nations :

The determination of all questions and disputes that might arise between the different states :

One uniform system of coinage, weights and measures, of military discipline, of commercial laws ; and one uniform code of political, civil, penal, and legislative proceedings for the whole of Italy.

That he originated and made great progress in the formation of such a league, should make the memory of Pio Nono dear to all Italians, notwithstanding the tender-

ness of conscience which prevented him, as an individual sovereign, from joining in that war which he was willing to wage as member of a confederation. That its own views of territorial aggrandizement withheld Piedmont from joining the confederation and caused the failure of the whole scheme, must damp the pride with which every Italian will look back to the gallant efforts which Piedmont and its heroic king made to expel the foreign invader from the national territory.

But, whatever the young ladies who do us the honour of perusing our pages may think, we have not forgotten the private individuals whose doings in Rome we have undertaken to chronicle. But Duke Visconti Augustiniani was, as we have often mentioned, dancing attendance upon the courts of law which had to decide upon his succession to the princely domains of his ancestors: and those who know what are the delays of a chancery suit in England, will not be surprised that several months of political convulsion glided away before he

could obtain any decision from the courts of Rome. Disgraceful, it is true, were such delays to the Papal government; but they were not so bad as that chancery system which still more disgraces England. The minister Rossi, however, had imparted some of his own energetic will to every branch of the administration; and even the courts of law had felt the impulse given by a master mind.

One sunny morning in the beginning of the month of November, Prince Augustiniani and his friend, Mr. Ollier, entered, somewhat earlier than ever, the well-known dining-room in which the Middleton Agelthorpes still lingered after their late breakfast. The Italian held himself more upright than usual; and there was on his naturally-severe features an expression of latent self-satisfaction and triumph, which he seemed too proud to show. The kind face of Mr. Ollier beamed with unrepressed delight, as he shook hands with all round; while he exclaimed "Victory! Victory! I told Augustiniani you would excuse our

calling at so early an hour to tell you the good news."

"Have the Austrians been defeated?" asked Mary, eagerly.

"Austrians, you silly puss!" exclaimed Mr. Ollier. "Down with the Austrians! but do not you know this is a time of truce? It is our friend here who has won the victory. Richard's himself again!"

"Don Visconti, I congratulate you," said Middleton Agelthorpe, again warmly shaking his hand; while all the party gave evident signs of real satisfaction. Caroline, however, did not speak; but seemed to fall into one of her thoughtful, abstracted moods. Mr. Ollier went up to her where she sat near the window, and leaning on the back of her chair, whispered "Is not this all right? He only got the judgment late last night. *I* congratulate *you*;" he added, laying a stress on the personal pronouns. She looked up, and a bright smile of intelligence lighted up her pretty features; and, as her eyes met those of the old man, there was intelligence between them. They felt that they were confederates.

The Prince himself, (sometimes, at Rome, the title of Duke is superior to that of Prince,—the Prince of Teano, for example, Mr. Agelthorpe's landlord, and minister of police in the first lay cabinet, had not then succeeded to his father's title of Duke of Sermoneta—and Visconti Augustiniani was now, by the decision of the Courts, declared to be rightfully of the rank of Roman princes):—the Prince himself paid Caroline little more attention than usual. The politeness of Italians compels them to address their conversation to the parents, however much they may prefer addressing the daughter. He told Mr. and Mrs. Agelthorpe of the form in which the favourable decree had been given, and then exclaimed, “How fortunate that I refused to take part in these unhappy wars! My estates in Lombardy might have been confiscated by the Austrians!”

In the evening of the same day, the family were sitting together in their usual yellow drawing-room, when the butler brought in the visiting card of Cardinal Gigante, who

was in his carriage below, and wished to know if Mr. Agelthorpe was at home. This is the plan usually adopted, that the visitor may avoid the trouble of going up stairs if those whom he would call on are out, and that, if they are within, they may have time to light the great four-wicked candle in their hall, which etiquette requires should burn while a cardinal is in the house, and that a servant may go down, with two similar wax torches, to receive his Eminence at the door of his carriage and light him up stairs. It will be borne in mind, that cardinals have the rank of princes of the blood, as the sovereign is elected from amongst them; and that, as ecclesiastics, they claim precedence of princes of the blood and imperial archdukes—a precedence of himself that was granted recently by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to our English Cardinal, Wiseman.

With such formalities, the Cardinal was ushered into the apartment of the Agelthorpes. They received him not with a genuflexion to ask his blessing, nor did they kiss his ring, a ceremony to which certain

spiritual advantages are attached ; this, the old etiquette on greeting bishops, has been long discontinued in France and Italy ; but they bowed lowly over his hand, as if implying that the right to deeper reverence was acknowledged though not granted. His Eminence seated himself, and began a spirited conversation on what may be termed the ordinary topics of the day, save that little allusion was made to politics. The Cardinal was a gossiping, conversable man ; yet there was evidently now some restraint upon him ; his manner showed that he had something more to say, and was thinking of it rather than of the subjects on which he conversed. Mrs. Agelthorpe noticed this, and signed to Mary and Caroline, in English, to leave the room. They did so unobserved, and the restraint was immediately removed from the manner of the Cardinal.

“ Monsieur Agelthorpe,” he said, “ at the request of Prince and Princess Castellonia, I have undertaken a mission to you in behalf of a young man in whom they are very

much interested. You must be aware that they have ever taken the part of the young Duke Augustiniani, and supported him during this law-suit, as if he had been their son. The suit is gained: the decree is made: and Don Visconti is assured a position second to none of the Roman princes. You have a niece to marry?"

Middleton Agelthorpe bowed, without speaking.

"I would not have done myself the honour of conveying this proposal to you, if I had not previously ascertained that the alliance would be considered most desirable by all the kin of the Augustiniani family, as well as by the Castellonians," resumed the Cardinal. "The Signorina is said to be rich."

"She will have about half-a-million of scudi," replied her uncle.

"It is immense: much more than Prince Castellonia or Augustiniani himself supposed," said the Cardinal. "You know the young man. I do not wish to attribute to him greater advantages than he pos-

sesses: but his character is excellent, and he is very good-looking."

"He has never given any of us nor my niece," said Mr. Agelthorpe, "any reason to think that he entertained such designs."

"Evidently he could not do so," exclaimed the Cardinal, "until he knew that he would be accepted. Nor could he himself make the proposal which I have the honour to convey."

"Why not, Eminentissimo?" asked Mr. Agelthorpe with assumed simplicity.

"Eh, he might have been refused!" exclaimed the Cardinal, with a look of horror. "What say you, my friend, to my proposal?" he then asked.

"I beg your Eminence to believe that we must feel honoured by it," replied Mr. Agelthorpe; "but while your friend adheres to the usages of Italy in such matters, you must permit us, in some degree, to follow our own. We can give no answer until we have spoken to Caroline."

"It is most reasonable," replied the Car-

dinal, uplifting his hands, but with an expression as if he thought it the most unreasonable thing in the world. "It is most reasonable; but he is a good young man, of a suitable age, of a good family and fortune; and doubtless the Signorina would not object to anything you and Madame wished."

"I must pray your Eminence to excuse me," interposed the Englishman, "but I have not yet said that I and Madame Agelthorpe do wish it. We may have doubts of the wisdom of marriages between individuals of such different habits as Italians and English people. But, even supposing all questions of the kind satisfactorily arranged, I must tell you that an objection may arise in another quarter, and I think very probably will be taken. My niece is what we call in England a ward of Chancery: she was put under my guardianship by her father, but with the express proviso that she should not marry without the consent of the Lord Chancellor, whose court manages her property. I greatly doubt

whether he would agree to her marrying an Italian."

"I was not aware of this," answered the Cardinal musing: "in this country," he added, "it is nothing unusual that the courts should have power in such matters, but always to support and enforce the views of the guardian. For example, I myself was sole guardian to my nephew; and when, recently, he was twenty-one years old, I gave up to him my accounts and his paternal property; but if I see that he is turning out a spendthrift, or a gambler, or inclined to commit waste of it, I shall obtain from the courts an injunction to resume my management of the estates, and to retain it until he is twenty-five years of age. Perhaps your English court might refuse to permit the Signorina to marry a Catholic?"

"It would scarcely interfere on such grounds, considering the present age of my niece," answered Middleton Agelthorpe, "if your Eminence's friend were not a foreigner: the connexion is so excellent, that

the Lord Chancellor would not feel called upon to withhold his assent, if all parties interested were agreed; but the national feeling against foreign marriages would increase the unwillingness to see a large fortune go out of the country."

"I cannot agree, Signor Middleton," said the Cardinal rising, "I cannot agree in your feeling against marriages between English people and Italians. My own mother was an English woman—she was a Thomson," he said, drawing himself up as if he were announcing his descent from the ancient Courtenays: "she was dei Tomsoni, and was certainly happy with my father. But I thank you for the frankness with which you have received the communication I have had the honour to make, and I shall report to my friends that you will have the kindness to ascertain what are the feelings of the Signorina on the matter, and whether your English court of law would oppose itself insuperably to the union."

"But until we ascertain this," interposed

Mrs. Agelthorpe, "his Eminence will agree with us that the young people had better not meet. Let Duke Augustiniani refrain from visiting at our house, until he can do so in the character of an accepted suitor:—which I trust he will never be," she added, in English.

The Cardinal quite approved of the proposed arrangement, lest any "simpatia" might spring up between the young people, and took a friendly leave. Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe rang the bell: her husband accompanied him to the entrance-hall, where the four-wicked wax torch was still burning in the high candelabra, and where Tommaso and the butler held others ready lighted, with which to accompany his Eminence down stairs to his carriage. With many mutual reverences and polite bows, he and the Englishman parted; and the latter hurried back to his wife in the drawing-room.

The young ladies had returned there so soon as they ascertained that the visitor had left: and the elders saw no reason for

keeping from them the object of Cardinal Giganti's visit.

"I am sure I hope that neither of the girls will ever think of a nasty foreigner!" exclaimed Mrs. Agelthorpe.

Both the young ladies were strangely silent and meditative. Nor did Mr. Agelthorpe speak for some time. His wife had the whole talk to herself, and continued to inveigh against foreign husbands.

"What do you say, Caroline?" her uncle at length asked. "What say you to becoming a Roman princess?"

"I say, as I always said: it is a very fine position," she answered slowly and thoughtfully.

"It is a fine position, I own," said her uncle; "but as a question of position only, you know so little of English society, that I must assure you it is scarcely that of an English peer, without his political advantages. The position of an Italian who is not a noble, is that of an Englishman in commerce: an Italian noble is neither more nor less than an English country gentle-

man,—the greater or less importance of either depending upon the antiquity of their families, their wealth, and connexion: a Roman prince, or one who is mentioned in the *Almanac de Gotha*, is, as I have said, the equal of an English peer, minus his political position. I explain all this once more, that you may clearly understand and appreciate the offer you have received.”

“You know, Caroline, that you do not care for him!” exclaimed Mrs. Agelthorpe pettishly.

“Good night, dear aunt: good night, uncle,” said Caroline, lighting her candle, and kissing them both; “the Cardinal stayed so late, that it is long past bedtime.”

“And Don Visconti?” asked Mr. Agelthorpe; “am I to write to the Lord Chancellor for his consent, or do you refuse him at once?”

“You had better write, if you please, dear uncle,” she said, looking back, when she had reached the door, with a smile that was partly malicious, partly comic, and

partly childish. "Write to him by all means. Don Visconti will do as well as another."

So saying she left the room with Mary.

What was the feeling that had kept Mary silent, and had prevented her giving any opinion during the whole of this discussion?

CHAPTER VIII.

—— in half meanings talked

'Till dark whole meanings came of them. And, lo !

Murder stood forth full plann'd. And Rome should see

A deed oft done of yore in Italy.

THE prime minister, Count Rossi, sat in his study, thinking on the uncertain and clouded future of that Italy he loved. He took up and read over again the copy of the speech which he was to deliver that day at the opening of the second session of the Parliament, and which had been submitted to the Pope and entirely approved by his Holiness. A servant entering, brought him the *Contemporaneo* newspaper of the day. He took it up carelessly, as one accustomed to be misjudged, and case-hardened to abuse. He glanced his eye over many a paragraph in which he was spoken of as the thin-faced, wily fox sent by Guizot to under-

mine the growing liberties of Rome. One article which almost expressly called upon the people to rise against his government, was signed Pietro Sterbini.

“Sterbini—the hero of the Popular Club,” murmured Rossi to himself. “You little foresaw, Monsignor Savelli, when you encouraged the formation of the Popular Club as a check upon that of the gentry, you little foresaw the nest of hornets you were hatching! Pietro Sterbini; the laws must deal with you by and by.”

His soliloquy was interrupted by the same servant, bringing a letter that had been just left at the door. The minister read it, and murmured to himself, “A lady! I know not the hand-writing: it is, doubtless, disguised:—another warning. I have had many such already, telling me that the Romans would find means to remove me. This is the first assurance that my death is really planned. From cowards, what can be expected but baseness and cowardice?”

Again his musings were interrupted. An

intelligent, respectable-looking priest forced himself into the study.

“Monsieur le Comte,” he said, in accents which shewed him to be a native of France, “I take the privilege of an old friend of the embassy to disregard the injunctions of your domestic that you are too engaged to receive any one. I have fearful news to tell. Amongst those who came to me to confession in my church last night, was one who confessed that he had joined a conspiracy pledged to assassinate you to-day. His heart reproached him, and he came to confess the intended crime. Of course, I could not give him absolution unless he would do his utmost to defeat the conspiracy by naming the conspirators to the police. This he refused to do ; and I could only obtain from him permission to come and warn you that your life will be attempted when you open the chambers to-day.”

“I truly thank you, mon cher Abbé Rodat,” replied the minister ; “but I cannot on that account refuse to fulfil my duty.”

“But, Monsieur le Ministre,” persisted

the priest, "did you see what was in the Don Pirlone newspaper, the day before yesterday?"

"I have neither time nor inclination to read the slanderous trash of every revolutionary print," answered Rossi, scornfully.

"I pray you, however, look at this article. Its mysterious insinuations tally so well with my information as to prove that something is brewing; that the press is aware of the conspiracy; and that it thinks so meanly of Romans, that it dares to announce it to them."

"The poet has said, if you remember," thus ran the article, in that slipshod style which it intended to pass for wit,—“The poet has said :

‘Short is the step from cradle to the tomb :’

He is wrong, however, now—wrong, without a doubt; and we must change the place of the words; we must invert the phrase: these are the precise words in which it must run :

‘From his tomb to her cradle the step is but short :’

and the Scripture of Scriptures says it—
'Blessed are the dead who rise again in the Lord.'

"And apropos of such matters, I speak, I talk, I think: from to-day to the day after to-morrow, are two days, if I am not mistaken two days pass away quickly the step is, indeed, short. . . . there is no doubt on 't, it will pass. . . .

'Give the pass word, who goes there?

Deputies All right, I swear.'

For my part I know nothing about it. . . . ask those who know. . . . try and find out ask somebody else about it; for I know nothing at all about it."

"Base, indeed," said Rossi, giving back the paper, after reading this ominous effusion: "base, indeed, must be the people, one of whose popular printed organs can announce and make a joke of an intended assassination! However, I have taken my measures, and, perhaps, they will not succeed. If they are bent upon it, were I to baulk to them to-day, they would have better luck another time. So, mon ami, I must

bid you farewell ; for it is almost time for me to go to the Quirinal Palace.”

He grasped the hand of the priest, who murmured a prayer for his safety, and went. So many had been the warnings and the rumours of an intended tumult, that the minister had, indeed, taken precautions against these, rather than to secure his own personal safety, which he had not, till now, thought would be attacked. He had gradually drawn to Rome some three hundred carabineers, on whom he thought he could depend in case of riot ; and there were a few chosen dragoons of undoubted loyalty. Sentinels were doubled, and small detachments were placed, here and there, to overawe the mob. But the mob was not alone to be feared. The troops that had gone to the Venetian territory, and had distinguished themselves by the murder, which we have recorded, of the three prisoners, had been weeded out ; and about one hundred and forty of these, refusing to be disbanded, had organized themselves into what they called the battalion of *Reduci*—or men re-

turned from the wars. These were known to be ready to take part in any riot.

It was near twelve o'clock. In the Pope's little library in the Quirinal palace, the prime minister knelt to take leave and to ask the blessing of his Holiness.

"You had better not go, Count," said the Holy Father. "The thought of what may happen, saddens me. Those traitors are capable of anything."

"Their cowardice is greater than their treachery," answered Rossi, undaunted; and he gallantly went forth.

In the court-yard of the palace, Monsignor Morini met him, and with anxious looks, exclaimed, "Count, your obstinacy will be the death of you. Death awaits you on the stairs of the house."

"Monsignor, my duty calls me there, and God protects me," answered the minister bravely; and he sprang into his carriage.

The Cavaliere Righetti, the minister of finance, was alone in the carriage with Count Rossi; and they drove rapidly down the hill leading to the Corso. A few groups were

gathered there, but they remarked nothing unusual in the appearance of the streets or of the population. As they went further on towards the Palazzo Farnese, the number congregated in those crowded thoroughfares was somewhat denser than usual; and hisses and frequent curses uprose as the carriage rapidly passed on. It turned into the square of the Chancery palace, and "There he is!" "There he is!" "That is he!" exclaimed many an angry face to his fellows, amid a howl of deep oaths and hisses. But considerable numbers of the police had received orders to mingle with the crowd in plain clothes, and the two ministers did not anticipate any breach of the peace. A battalion of the Civic Guard was, also, drawn up in the square in front of the palace: within it, the minister's respect for parliamentary usages had made him refuse to post any troops unless at the special request of the president, or speaker.

Meanwhile, the members were slowly arriving and taking their seats. There were not yet enough present to form a house,

though the stranger's gallery was crowded. Even the President, Sturbinetti, had not yet taken his place. Dr. Pantaleoni, one of the members for Romagna, ever alive and active, was looking out of a window into the court, and saw the battalion of scoundrel Reduci range themselves in two lines from the great gate towards the foot of the stairs. The carriage of the prime minister drove in at the same time, amid a discordant storm of curses, yells, and hisses, that startled the members where they sat.

The carriage drew up; and Rossi, who was next the door, got out, with an unmoved countenance, and, in his usual rapid pace, stepped towards the foot of the stairs: but he was surrounded by the mob, that howled and brandished knives and stiletos in his face. The minister, Righetti, who had also left the carriage, was hustled by the rabble, and could not, at first, rejoin his colleague. He had, however, just done so; and Rossi had pushed his way through the crowd, and was setting his foot on the lowest of the wide stairs, when a violent

blow on his left hip caused him to look aside. At that moment, an uplifted hand struck a dagger into his throat. The jugular vein was divided, and there was a large flow of blood.

“Oh God !” exclaimed the wounded man, in a loud voice, that was heard by the members above stairs ; and he staggered on up three steps.

“What is the matter ?” bellowed the crowd from behind.

“Hush ! hush !” “Nothing at all !” loudly whispered the conspirators, as they fell back amid the mob. Those of the *Reduci* who had been on the stairs to impede the doomed minister’s advance, also withdrew, and left him alone where he fell. *Righetti* and his servants then rejoined him ; and with the help of *Dr. Pantaleoni*, who had rushed down on hearing the cry, they lifted the wounded man and carried him into a room at the top of the stairs, where they placed him on a chair. He uttered one groan and expired.

Meanwhile, a confused suspicion of what

had happened spread through the house and in the strangers' gallery with the sound of the first fearful cry for help. Some of the members had started from their seats and ran down stairs with Pantaleoni. Others asked one another what had chanced ; some asserted that the minister was wounded or was dead.

“ Dead ! ” cried one of the members ; “ and what if he be dead ? Was he king of Rome ? ” and the sentiment was approved by those assassin-representatives of an assassin mob. We rejoice to be able to say that there were only twenty-five members present, not enough to make a house ; but although their proceedings could not be legal, the speaker or president, Sturbinetti, took the chair, and ordered the clerk to proceed to business. The clerk did so, and began reading the report of the last meeting. But curiosity, or a latent feeling of the disgrace which they were bringing upon themselves and their country, was stronger than the assumed indifference with which these twenty-five members had heard of the murder of the

most eminent of their number. One by one, they rose and silently sneaked away. Not one word was heard in detestation of the crime: not one word in vindication of the laws so basely outraged in their very temple!

Pio Nono soon learned the deed his Romans had done, and terror and despair quite overwhelmed him. He had wrought for their liberty and well-being as Pope never wrought before; and this was his reward—the assassination of the minister in whom he trusted. None went to support or counsel him. Not a prince nor a noble was there. In broken-hearted accents he desired the minister of commerce, Montanari, to do what was immediately needful, and to send for two others with whom he would endeavour to reconstruct the ministry.

Vain thought! It was a time for action, not for counsel; but the men of action, where were they? The laymen who had boasted they could govern, where were they that they gathered not around their sovereign?

The ministers met at the house of Monta-

nari, and received an intimation from the Duke of Rignano that he was so cut up by the violent death of his friend Rossi, and so fearful of his own life, that he felt himself unequal to continue to command the Civic Guard. Thus timidly did the last of the Roman Princes surrender the pretensions of his class to the government of the country.

The minister sent for the commander of the Carabineers, Calderari, one who had risen under the old regime, a protégé of Pope Gregory, in whose faith to his successor they counted surely; and inquired what information he could give of the perpetrators of the horrid deed. He had not learned anything; the police could not see anything, nor hear anything; as for arresting any one of the notorious characters to whom suspicion already pointed, he was doubtful whether he had power to do so: he should require a written warrant; but his police were on the alert; the city was quiet: he would go his rounds once more and return later.

It was the middle of November, and even-

ing was coming on, and the nights were long ; and, through the coming evening and through much of that long night, no measure was taken to preserve the peace of the city ; to guard even the palace and the person of the sovereign from attacks that were not altogether impossible from such miscreants as had murdered his minister. The Pope had another palace in Rome, the Vatican ; which communicated with the Castle of Sant' Angelo, which was impregnable, at all events, to the rabble. He had a brother who had served with the Carabineers and who could have secured their faith. Surely, some of the leaders of the Civic Guard were loyal to their Prince, and could have brought some of their men with arms and artillery, even, to the palace ? But the early evening, and the long night sped away ; and the sovereign abandoned himself entirely to Providence ; and the ministers discussed measures of policy ; and how impossible it would be to form any administration unless the famous Allocution of the 29th of April were repealed, and Rome joined the national

war against the Austrians. The armistice, it is true, still existed ; but Piedmont was mustering her forces again, and war for the independence of Italy was the watchword of every Italian. The ministers talked and talked ; and the early evening and the long night wore idly away.

But to the mob, to the people of Rome, to the respectable inhabitants—if respectable inhabitants, people of Rome, and mob were really different sections of the population—if that population, in truth, might not all be ranged in two great classes of murderers and cowardly lookers-on—to the inhabitants of Rome, how fledged by that early evening and that long night ? Middleton Agelthorpe and his friend, Mr. Ollier, had been walking, arm-in-arm, towards the palace of the Chancery, to see the opening of the Chambers, when the rush of the mob apprized them that something unusual had happened. They stepped into an open café to allow the multitude to pass, and were both struck by the earnest look of a young Italian who stood on the threshold, peering

anxiously into the street. Another entered hastily, when the first asked, in a whisper, "Is it done?" The new comer gazed wildly for a few moments, shook himself, and, in a hoarse and stammering voice, replied, "It is done:" and they both left the house together.

There was an opening in the crowd, and the two Englishmen also left it, and moved on towards the Chancery: the talk and exclamations of the people, as they passed, soon explained what had happened. Some triumphantly spoke of the deed of blood: some timidly and doubtfully blamed it: some, with pallid cheeks and trembling steps, shrugged their shoulders and dared not speak at all: some rushed from group to group, and evidently urged those whom they addressed to make common cause with the assassins. One of these miscreants, seeing the two friends, and thinking, in the baseness of his nature, that Englishmen would rejoice in anything that was done to advance the cause of freedom, boldly cheered them as they passed; and, waving

a stiletto before them, exclaimed, "So die those who betray the people!"

Middleton Agelthorpe and Ollier walked on, shuddering, and cursing the savage beasts of prey who challenged their sympathy. The courts of the palace of the Chancery were quite deserted. A pool of blood at the foot of the stairs, and ruddy drops as far as the door on the upper landing, shewed where the crime had been committed. But the body had been carried elsewhere. The hall of assembly was shut, and all was silent around. Doubtless the murderers were escaping, and the respectable inhabitants of Rome were adopting measures to secure them and to maintain the peace of the city! Was it so?

The two friends were returning homewards, when Mr. Agelthorpe met and recognized the wood-merchant who supplied his family with fire-wood—a respectable but stirring man amongst the people. "Is anything known," he asked, "of these base assassins?"

"Assassini, Signore!" replied the wood-

merchant ; “ è opera della Madonna. Subito che l'ho saputo, son entrato in una chiesa e mi son messo a ginocchio per ringraziarla. —Assassins ! it is the work of the Madonna. As soon as I heard of it, I turned into a church and threw myself on my knees to thank her.”

It is unnecessary to record the feelings of disgust with which the Englishmen turned away. They walked home, and told what had been done ; and then again sauntered forth to note the bearing of the people. The evening was now closing in. The streets were, in general, silent ; and those they passed seemed terror-stricken by the deed that had been perpetrated : but no policemen were to be seen at their usual quarters : no civil or military authority shewed itself prepared to maintain the peace of the capital. The popular mob-leaders, on the contrary, sped from place to place and openly harangued the groups of those whom they thought they could influence. An address to the carabineer-police had been already printed ; and the conspi-

rators rushed from one station of the Civic Guard to another, and read it aloud to the soldiers who turned out. Boldly they read it, and called upon the military to fraternize with the people.

“What are we to do, Prince?” asked the officers, at one of the principal guard-houses, of the noble Roman who commanded the division.

“Wait a bit—wait a bit. Let us see which side will prove the strongest,” replied the Prince.

Onwards to the principal station of the carabineers in the Piazza del Popolo, onwards sped the leaders of the conspiracy. Mr. Ollier and Middleton Agelthorpe marked them as they sped; and observed to one another how twenty of the London policemen would have sufficed to check their further progress. But no twenty Romans gathered together to interfere; and they saw the rioters rush up to where the carabineers awaited them in their quarters.

“Hurra for the carabineers!” “Viva the brave carabineers!” “Are they not

Romans like us ?” “ Have they not Italian hearts in their breasts ?” “ Will they shed the blood of the friends of Italy ?” “ Will they not fraternize with the people !” “ Down with the tyrants !” “ Viva the carabinieri !” shouted the little mob which was being gradually swelled by those who noted the impunity of their proceedings. The carabinieri had turned out, but stood irresolute, and would have taken either side, when their Colonel, Calderari, who had just returned from his conference with the ministers, came forth and protested to the rabble that he had never intended to execute the orders which Rossi had given against the people : that he, for one, would stand by the people. “ Brave comrades,” he cried, turning to his men, “ you will not draw your swords against the people. Evviva the people and the Civic Guard !”

So coldly was this address received by his men, and so small was then the number of the mob, that the hiss and sounds of execration which burst, almost unawares, from the lips of the two Englishmen, were

distinctly heard in the darkness, amid the partial cheers that greeted the treacherous commander. Some three or four of his men crossed over and were received with open arms by the rabble. Torches were then lighted; and, amid the gathering gloom that overspread the capital of the Christian world, the little knot of conspirators returned along the Corso. They waved a tricolor flag, and a few of the Civic Guard joined them. Shouts and hymns of rejoicing and triumphant cries invited the people to rise and take part in this murderous glee. There were not, even now, above one hundred of them; and yet so timidly-base or so basely-timid were the rest of the people, that none attempted even to stop their orgies.

In the darkness of the evening,—but every man of them plainly distinguished by the light of the lurid torches they had lighted,—waving the tricolor banner and proudly pointing to the Papal uniforms of the few carabineers and soldiers of the Civic Guard who had joined them, they hoisted

a miscreant of their number upon their shoulders ; and, smearing his face with blood, and putting a bloody poniard in his hand, that he might the better represent the assassin, they marched triumphantly down the great street of the Corso : triumphantly they cheered the representative of the murderer ; and, even improvising verses for the occasion, triumphantly they sang, in hellish chorus—

Blessed be the hand and dagger,—
Blest the hand that Rossi slew !

“ *Benedetta quella mano,
Che il Rossi pugnò !* ”

The Civic Guards had a strong barrack-room in the Corso, and might have turned out and arrested every man of the rabble. Did they do so ? The triumphant procession made a halt before their quarters. He who personified the murderer, brandished his bloody poniard ; and, amid redoubled shouts of “ *Viva la Guardia Civica !* ” the mob passed onwards, singing—

Blessed be the hand and dagger,—
Blest the hand that Rossi slew !

In a house lower down, the weeping widow and children were bowed over the body of their husband and father, which had been secretly carried home to them. The Duke of Rignano, the minister of war, was there, mourning with them over the corpse of his dearest friend. He heard a row in the streets, and might have gone forth; and, by merely showing himself, have collected, at once, a sufficient band to disperse the rioters. But he, too, was overwhelmed with grief and terror: and the procession came onwards. Surely, surely, for the sake of insulted decency, for the sake of degraded humanity, some one will rush out and tell the ignorant fellows that they are approaching the house of the murdered man? Surely, some charitable neighbour will tell them where he lived, and warn their ignorance, so that they may pass in silence before the chamber of death, the house of the bereaved wife and children?

Their ignorance, sayest thou, reader? They knew his home full well! And there, under his very windows, they stood: there

they marked the lights glimmering through the drawn curtains of the room in which his body lay, and in which his widow and children prayed: there they halted and reformed themselves; and, shifting the miscreant who personified the murderer, to fresher and stronger shoulders, there they paused. and, with redoubled energy, there they shrieked and groaned and shouted—

Blessed be the hand and dagger,—
Blest the hand that Rossi slew!

We have heard of Rome's triumphant processions of former days: we have seen a triumphant procession of modern Rome.

We are told that the inhabitants of Rome took no part in the cowardly rejoicing: we are told that the procession of murderers was composed of little more than one hundred miscreants: we are told that we ought not to impute to the people of Rome, to the people of Italy, any sentiment but that of horror at the hellish outrage. Would that our true history could so narrow the circle of those whom it must stamp with

infamy! Thus far, we have seen that the people of Rome impeded not the murderous triumph: we shall shortly see whether they repudiated it.

We esteem ourselves fortunate that the course of our narrative will not take us to Leghorn and other towns of Italy where the assassination of the obnoxious minister was celebrated with public illuminations.

The more honour to Bologna;—to Bologna, which was so horror-stricken and disgusted, that it meditated a formal separation of its territory from the rest of the Roman states!

CHAPTER IX.

And some have died. But still, the castle won,
Why heed aught save the deed of "glory" done?

WE have shewn the triumph of the populace in the streets; we have shewn the passive despair of the sovereign, and the impotence of the government in the palace. While Rome slept, the Popular Club was awake. There, Sterbini and his fellows constituted themselves into a Committee of Public Safety; there, they devised what was to be done on the morrow; thence, they sent their orders to the commander of the Castle of St. Angelo, and to the colonels of the police, carabinieri, and civic guard. All bowed obedient acquiescence.

Early on the following morning, word was brought to the Quirinal, that one of the old festive processions, so common and

so welcome before the ill-starred Allocution in favour of Austria, was being prepared to greet the sovereign: and the Swiss officer who had undertaken the duties of minister-of-war on the resignation of the Duca di Rignano, announced that the leaders of the people prayed that all the troops might take part in it, as they wished, without arms and in all reverence, to pray for a popular and Italian-hearted ministry. Such professions could ill reassure the sovereign: the Swiss officer was too newly placed in command of the troops to be able to guarantee their fidelity; and time flew on in vain and endless discussions.

Privy-counsellors were summoned to the palace: and time flew on in vain and endless discussions. While a true rumour reached the people, that several statesmen, who were most obnoxious to them, had been sent for, the more experienced of the papal counsellors recommended that Galetti, heretofore minister of police, should be intrusted to form a cabinet. Galetti went to the Quirinal, but could not agree with the

sovereign: and time flew on at the palace in vain and inconclusive discussions.

So sped not time with the people: and now it seemed, indeed, as if the whole people of Rome were moving. All hastened towards the fatal Palace of the Chancery in search of members of parliament, who should accompany them, and lay before the Pope their prayer for union with the rest of Italy and a democratic minister. Then again, backwards flowed the crowd,—gathering numbers as it advanced from the lower town,—on, on, and up the steep ascent to the Quirinal palace.

It was but ten o'clock in the morning, when Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe received a note from the Princess Castellonia, inviting her to bring her dear niece and daughter, and to accompany her to the gardens of Palazzo Colonna, from whence they would be able to see the procession that was advancing towards the Quirinal. It will be readily believed that the ladies lost no time in preparing themselves. The carriage was soon at the door: and joining

that of Princess Castellonia, in the Piazza di Venezia, they both drove together into the wide court of the great Colonna palace.

As the friend and patroness of Visconti Augustiniani, nothing could be more kind and even affectionate than the manner of the Princess to our heroine. She kissed her fervently ; and, taking her by the hand, led her through the smaller rooms, covered with paintings they were too eager to notice, and through the splendid picture-gallery, the most magnificent in Rome. They did not pause to notice the large a-fresco, representing the battle of Lepanto—of their conduct in which so many Roman families are justly proud : nor the portrait of the beautiful Vittoria Colonna, of whom a medal had lately been struck by Prince Torlonia, to commemorate his marriage with the lovely daughter of that noble house, and whose sweet poems he had republished, on the same festive occasion, on paper the water-mark of which showed the arms of Torlonia and Colonna party-per-

pale.* So anxious were the Princess and her friends to hurry on to the garden, that they scarcely gave a thought to works of art, which, indeed, they had all often seen before.

A large window, at the end of the picture-gallery, opened upon a bridge, which, spanning a narrow street below, united the palace to its beautiful gardens. These rose up the side of the Quirinal mountain, from the Piazza degli Apostoli to the top of Monte Cavallo, in front of the Papal Palace. Many ladies and gentlemen already thronged the gardens, and were hastening up its winding and sculptured flights of steps. From amongst these, Mrs. Agelthorpe was much annoyed to see Duke

* Vittoria Colonna was one of the first poets of Italy: a most celebrated and admirable woman. The medal shews a fine likeness of her as it has been delivered down in busts and paintings: on the reverse, it bears the figure of a phoenix rising from its pyre, and an inscription importing that Alexander Torlonia restored the somewhat fallen fortunes of the family by his marriage with Theresa Colonna. Better than all, he has proved himself a devoted husband, as she is a sweet and exemplary wife.

Augustiniani detach himself and hasten to the side of Caroline. She looked reproachfully at the Princess, who, pressing her hand, murmured, "I know, *très chère Madame*, they were not to meet; but it will only be for a moment, and I could not prevent him. So many of the Roman princes and their ladies are here."

Augustiniani and Caroline walked on in front; and her manner expressed such evident pleasure at seeing him, that the young man was encouraged in expressing his devotion, and in complaining of Monsieur Middleton for insisting that they should not meet until the answer was received from the Court of Chancery in England.

"It will not be long," said Caroline: "you will have the answer in three weeks or a month."

"And if it is favourable, Mademoiselle—if it is favourable, you will not withhold your assent? Say that you will not oppose my happiness?" he said to her, with animation such as she had never before seen him put forth.

It is uncertain what Caroline might have answered ; for, at the moment, her uncle came up and asked him something about the gigantic white marble fragments of the Temple of the Sun, which cumbered one of the terraces.

“ I know nothing about them,” replied Augustiniani : “ they have always been there. But look at that pine,” he added, pointing to the shivered stem and fallen top of an immense Italian pine-tree that had been lately prostrated by the lightning and wind : “ look at that pine. It was planted on the day Cola di Rienzi died ! ”

There was a fierceness of triumph in the tones of voice in which the young man spoke, which declared how the hatred of the nobles against the Last of the Tribunes had been delivered down from father to son, and perpetuated during five centuries. True, that they had triumphed ; the Tribune of the people and the liberties of Rome had fallen together ; and now, after so many centuries of despotism that weighed alike upon both classes, the nobles had grasped

power once more in their own hands, and had been unable to retain it. The hour for the people's revenge seemed to have come ; and here were the princes and nobles of Rome gathered together, as indifferent spectators, to look on idly while the people surrounded the palace of their sovereign !

The gentlefolks hurried past the blasted pine, and up the steep ascent to the outer wall of the garden. Here was a ruined postern door, which opened upon the square of the Quirinal. It was full of wide chinks between the shrunken boards ; and, in one or two places, a little of the wood had been absolutely broken away. Here the nobles had stationed themselves ; and, unseen by those without, were eagerly looking through the chinks and the great keyhole to see the procession advance to the palace.*

With clang and with shouts, and with music and with triumph, as it advanced up the hill, it soon made its vicinity known to those within the garden. One noble prince,

* We record facts.

who was looking through the keyhole, exclaimed, "Corpo di Bacco! they have met Galetti on his road downwards, and are bearing him back again to be their spokesman." This was even so; and Galetti, who had been a member of several of the late cabinets because he was in favour with the Popular Club, now advanced, haranguing and gesticulating at their head. The gates of the palace were shut: the usual Swiss sentinel, in his striped and puffed and slashed uniform, and with his halberd on his shoulder, alone paraded in front.

"If the Pope does not yield," cried a fellow in the advancing crowd, every accent of whose voice came clear, through the chinks in the door, to the nobles in the garden, "if the Pope does not yield, he is a dead man. We would cut his throat were he in the arms of the Almighty!"

"Could not any of you help your sovereign?" exclaimed Mary Agelthorpe, earnestly to two or three of the Roman princes around her, but whose names we purposely conceal. They shrugged their shoulders, and were silent.

The foreign ambassadors and ministers, however, who were in Rome, had hastened to support the Prince to whom they were accredited ; and, having entered by a distant door, were now gathered around him. There were the Duc D'Harcourt, ambassador from France ; Martinez della Rosa, from Spain ; Count Spaur, minister of Bavaria ; Venda da Cruz, from Portugal ; De Boutenef, from Russia ; Liedekerke, from Holland ; De Figueredo, Chargé d'Affaires of Brazil ; De Maistre, secretary of Legation for Belgium ; and De Canitz, for Prussia. All these gathered around Pius the Ninth: while no one knows what had become of those of his own princes and nobles who were not congregated with our English friends to peep at him through the keyhole of the postern gate of the Colonna gardens !

The Swiss sentinel saw the procession of the people, now increased to thousands and thousands, amid whom were carabineers, civic guard and most of the military in Rome, advance upon him, and coolly continued his measured tread before the great

gates. He knew that within the palace was the usual small guard of his countrymen, and about a dozen carabinieri and officers of the *guardia nobile*,—in all, about one hundred persons: and thousands were advancing upon him. But they advanced peaceably: and there was no evidence of hostile intentions. They filled the great square of Monte Cavallo, from the Quirinal Palace to the obelisk and fountain and sculptured horses of Phidias.

Galetti, Sterbini, and two or three others, detached themselves from the mob, and were admitted through the wicket into the palace. They found the Pope surrounded by the representatives of every Christian power, except England; and a doubt shot across the mind of Galetti, whether he and his fellows were not attacking one who was backed by the whole civilized world. Cardinal Antonelli and a few prelates were there, and they fell back on each side to admit the messengers from the Roman people. Pius the Ninth stood alone, nearly in the centre of the hall. His white dress

fell around him to the ground; and the white skull-cap covered the crown of his head. The costume would have marred the presence of most men: but his Holiness carried it with dignity. His handsome features were flushed: and a look of nervous anxiety mingled with the expression of determined will, that would otherwise have given rigidity to his countenance. Galetti made the usual genuflexions, and then stated how the procession had met him, and had besought him and the others to present their petition to their sovereign.

“We receive no petitions from insurgents,—no laws from our subjects,” replied the Pope sternly.

Then began an expostulation on the part of the deputies of the people: then they declared that the citizens below were most dutiful subjects: that they were all unarmed: that they only prayed for a democratic minister in place of the retrograde Rossi: and that the States of Rome should take part with the rest of Italy against Austria. The Pope was firm, and would not

treat. Cardinal Antonelli and the others mingled in the discussion; the foreign representatives would give no advice. Time wore away, and the people below began to utter impatient cries.

“You have our answer.” repeated Pius the Ninth. “We will not deliberate on compulsion. Let them disperse quietly; and to-morrow we will make known our resolve.”

The deputation obtained permission to give the answer from the balcony in the adjoining room: and Galetti presented himself from it to the people. He was received with shouts and cheers; but, far from endeavouring to calm the popular anxiety, he gesticulated violently, and announced that “the sovereign would take no laws from his subjects”.

As might have been expected, a shout of indignation greeted the announcement: and the deputation returned to his Holiness, and besought him to calm down his excited people. More and longer discussions ensued; during which various messengers

were sent out of the palace to urge those, on whom it was thought the sovereign could rely, to come to his rescue. No one came. The Swiss guards turned out to support their comrade, the sentry before the gate. After a long while, Galetti again presented himself at the balcony.

“You are to disperse quietly,” he said; “you are all to go to your homes or to your business quietly. His Holiness will take your petition into his consideration, and will tell what he shall have resolved upon to-morrow.”

“To-morrow!” shouted the mob indignantly. “No to-morrow for the people!” “This instant!” “Let us have what we demand, this instant!”

Excited and resolved, the mob behind pressed rudely upon those before, who were thrust and who thrust themselves amongst the Swiss soldiers at the palace gate. These repelled them, as in duty bound. Indignant at the repulse, the mob rushed upon the guard with stones and staves. A message was brought to the Swiss from Cardinal

Antonelli, who felt that he must defend the sacred person of his sovereign : “ Let them not force the gates. Fire, if need be.”

The mob rushed on, and the Swiss fired.

Shrieks of vengeance uprose from the now-furious populace. A cry for arms burst from every throat. In every direction, by every street and alley, all dispersed, dashing down the hill to seek for arms, and the square was left silent and empty. The Swiss guard slowly retired within the court of the palace, and closed and barred the gates.

Injudicious and cowardly apologists of Pius the Ninth labour to prove that the Swiss did not fire until they were fired upon by the people ; while demagogues accuse Cardinal Antonelli, as though he had commanded a wanton butchery of the crowd. The dispassionate reader will see that the Cardinal only did his duty in preventing the irruption of even an unarmed but angry mob into the palace and presence of his sovereign.

The great square of Monte Cavallo was

deserted and silent: and while the gentlemen and ladies in the Colonna gardens chatted pleasantly together, those in the palace anxiously awaited what would next happen. They had not to wait long in suspense. The scoundrel-battalion of the disbanded *Reduci* soon reappeared on the square, and was early followed by eager bands of the Civic Guards, by dragoons, by infantry, and by thousands of the populace, all rushing, with arms in their hands, to avenge themselves upon the Swiss guard who had dared to fire upon the people. The palace gates were closed. Their intended victims had retreated; and idly and spitefully the gallant warriors discharged their muskets against the sturdy door and the high-built walls of the palace. Every minute the numbers increased. The sound of the musketry was heard in the city below; and Rome was in a ferment of terror and of rage. The Swiss were said to be firing upon the people. The people were asserted to be murdering the Pope and his guards. Thousands rushed to the spot, armed and excited, to take part in the affray.

“Yield, most Holy Father—yield, yield to your people!” exclaimed the few terrified prelates and courtiers, kneeling around the Pontiff.

“We dare not,” replied the Pope. “Our conscience forbids us to betray our trust, and consent to a first outrage, which will only lead to greater. God will protect His servants.”

Sharp and incessant were the reports of the musketry and the whizzing of the bullets around the walls of the palace. Shots were returned from within, when some attempted to scale the walls: they were prevented by these and by the height of the windows of the first floor: those beneath, being strongly grated with iron bars—as is the case in all Italian houses. They swarmed upon the tower of a neighbouring church, and fired down on the skylights and roofs of the palace. One of the Pope’s secretaries for Latin letters said to Cardinal Antonelli, that he would look out and see whence these new assailants were attacking them. He went into the next room, and,

drawing aside one of the blinds, looked up towards the church steeple. A rifle-ball hit him in the forehead, and he fell dead where he stood.

Dismay seized upon many of the other prelates: but still Pius the Ninth would not yield. There was a cessation in the firing, and the diplomatic corps thought that his Holiness might now give way. The afternoon was advancing, and they had hastened to the palace without breakfast. They were famishing; and they advised submission. The Pope besought them not to leave him: they should dine in the palace. Dinner was ordered to be prepared as quickly as possible: but a whisper soon went round amongst the imprisoned group, that the major duomo said there was nothing in the larder—the tumult in the early morning had prevented him receiving the usual supplies from the tradesmen. Diplomacy had now to provide its own dinner.* A servant volunteered to venture

* A fact this about the dinner.

out and order provisions to be sent from the nearest trattoria, or eating-house. After another half hour—during which the mob seemed to be resting on their arms—a number of trays were brought up to the door of the besieged palace.

“What is this?” exclaimed the popular guard around the side door, just as the wicket was about to be opened.

“Il pranzo per il corpo diplomatico,” answered the waiters.

“Dinner for the corpo diplomatico! Da bravo! Corpo di Bacco, it will do for us!”

The diplomatists heard of the mischance; and counselled submission.

We have said that there was a momentary pause in the operations of the assailants. The cause of this was now discovered. They had piled faggots against the great gates of the palace; and had set fire to them, in the hope of burning down the portals. The Swiss guard within saw the danger, and fired from every window. Then began an assault, more fierce than ever, upon the whole front of the palace.

“He must give in!” exclaimed the voice of one whom the party, at the postern of the Colonna garden, heard passing on the other side of the door.

“And then,” replied another voice, “he will come out to give his blessing to the people from the balcony. I shall place myself to wait behind the statue of Pollux; and we will see what my good rifle will say to him:” and he slapped the breech as he spoke, and passed on.

“For the love of heaven, Signori, will you permit this crime!” exclaimed Mary, wildly turning and addressing herself to the Romans around her. “Duke Augustiniani, if you be a man, go and save your Prince from an assassin.”

The Roman nobles were, indeed, horror-stricken by what they had heard. They shewed it in their countenances. But no one moved or spoke.

“Let me out,” said Middleton Agelthorpe, “I, at least, will endeavour to put him on his guard.”

“Not by this door!” cried one of the

Roman ladies. "The people might rush in. There is another door lower down the hill."

The Englishman wrung the hand of his wife and daughter, and sped away.

Evening was now coming on; and a noted livery-stable keeper was unharnessing his horses, near the column of Trajan, from the light caleche in which he had just brought Lord Rangerleigh from Naples. A party of the mob rushed down to him, the Prince of Canino at their head.

"Out with your horses, old fellow," cried the Prince; "out with your horses. Hitch them on to the cannon, there, and gallop it up to the palace."

In vain, the driver expostulated that his horses were tired with their day's work; they were hurried away to the cannon, the horses belonging to which were not to be found; and, at full gallop, they were made to drag the piece of ordnance to the foot of the hill, then up the steep ascent, and behind the dense crowd of the rabble that cheered them as they passed. The Prince

of Canino selected the ground, and then levelled the piece against the great doors of the palace, which the faggots consumed too slowly. The match was already lighted, when one of the more eminent members of the parliament, (so evident is it that all classes joined in this rising), stayed the hand of the Prince, and trampled out the spark.

At that moment, there was a general movement and pressure in the throng. Colonel Calderari pushed forwards, at the head of a strong body of Carabineers. The mob believed that he was coming to the defence of his sovereign, and prepared to fly.

“Hold!” cried the Colonel. “I am with you, friends. Evviva the people!”

The cheers of the people greeted the welcome auxiliaries; and they again rushed towards the palace.

All within, now, indeed, saw that resistance would not be much longer possible. The front door was burning fast, and a cannon was pointed against it. The officer in command of the Swiss, when called to

counsel, admitted that all would soon be over. "But, most Holy Father," he added, "in behalf of myself and my men, I engage that they shall trample over our dead bodies before they approach your sacred person."

"Gentlemen," said the Pope, addressing the members of the diplomatic corps, "you see the strait to which we are brought; no hope of help; one prelate slain in the room beside us; ourselves besieged by the rioters: cannon pointed against us. To avoid further useless spilling of blood, and still greater crimes, we yield. But you see that we yield to force only. Make known to your courts and several governments that we only yield to force; that we protest against this invasion of our free agency; and that we declare beforehand every concession to be null, void, and of no avail."

With a bitter feeling against the ingratitude of his subjects, who had so often hymned his praises beneath those very windows that were now all broken by their muskets, Pio Nono, addressing Cardinal Soglia, added, "We authorize your Emi-

nence to grant whatever Signor Galetti demands in the name of the insurgents;" so saying, he withdrew to an inner apartment.

From the balcony, Galetti immediately announced the joyful news: that the Pope had appointed a democratic ministry, and that parliament was to decide upon the terms of an agreement with the rest of Italy. Every musket was fired into the air: and, singing hymns in honour of Italy, and cheering the democratic ministry and the Italian Costituente, Constitution, the immense mob immediately and quietly dispersed.

While this was going on at the Quirinal, Middleton Agelthorpe had been obliged to return to the bottom of the hill, before he could be let out from the gardens of the Colonna Palace on the chivalric errand he had undertaken,—that of warning the Pope against the assassin who was lurking with his rifle behind the statue of Pollux. He had no settled plan by which to convey the news; but he thought that he might pos-

sibly give a hint to one of the Swiss soldiers. Evening was coming on, in those November days; and the streets were already dusk, as he strode up the ascent of Magnanapoli towards the Quirinal. He overtook a female who was toiling up the hill before him. Her handsome dress caught his eye, and gradually won his attention from the thoughts on which it was engrossed. He fancied he knew the figure, and looked hard at her as he passed.

“Good heavens, Countess Spaur!” he exclaimed, “is that you? Where can you be going alone at this hour, and when the town is in such a state of tumult?”

“I am carrying two pistols to my husband,” replied the heroic wife. “He has been all day with the Pope, whose palace, I am told, they are storming. I have taken these pistols from his room, and am carrying them to him:” and she shewed him the weapons, concealed in the sleeves of her cloak.

“Let me pray you not to risk yourself amid the rabble,” earnestly entreated Mid-

dleton Agelthorpe; "you know not what might happen to you. I myself am hastening to the Quirinal to warn his Holiness against an assassin who lies in ambush. But whatever happens, the people will be sure to respect your husband, as the minister of Bavaria."

The anxious wife still persisted in her resolve to go to his rescue; and it was only by pledging himself to seek out Count Spaur and deliver the firearms to him, that Middleton Agelthorpe could persuade her to return to her own home. He himself dared not delay his mission to the palace; and taking the two pistols, he pushed hastily onwards towards the scene of the tumult.

But before he reached the square, the war was over. The sovereign had yielded; and his insurgent people were returning triumphant from the scene of their exploits. There was no further immediate danger to his Holiness; and, the Englishman, returning down the hill, again met his wife and family in the court of the Colonna palace, and they drove home together.

CHAPTER X.

But we are going *from* Rome : and leave behind,
Ah ! well-a-day ! all that enthusiasm
For things that were, that made us almost blind
To things that are. The schoolboy's mighty chasm
Between old Roman greatness and his kind,
Is fill'd with life. Our heart a living plasm
To take the impression of all times, and mould
Things to their value—be they young or old.

THE constitutional and parliamentary habits of our English readers will enable them at once to see that the insurrectionary horrors we have described in our last chapter could not have arisen if all parties concerned had understood the working of the representative system which had been so newly established amongst them. The people, of course, had a right to demand a democratic ministry and the Italian Costituente, or any other line of policy. The mistake was in demanding it otherwise than

through their parliament:—in not leaving to their representatives to work out the national will by withholding their support from every cabinet that was opposed to it. Neither people nor sovereign recollected that the remedy against all of which they complained was, constitutionally, in their own hands, and had been so since Pio Nono had given them the representative system and summoned their first parliament.

They had, however, now secured a popular ministry by other means. An ecclesiastic, Muzzarelli, was still at the head of it: and it scarcely comprised a member who had not had a seat in former cabinets—Galetti, Sterbini, Mamiani, and Campello: so that, although unconstitutionally called to power, there could be no constitutional objection to the men themselves. Mamiani, who had been absent from Rome at the time of the insurrection, was inclined to refuse the post reserved for him, and asked the Pope privately, whether acceptance of it would be considered an act of treason. He was assured that it would not; but in

so doubtful a manner that he still held aloof.

However; two great outrages had been committed—the murder of the prime minister, and the insurrection against the Sovereign: and it was for the new cabinet and the houses of parliament to reprobate these or to stamp themselves as accomplices in the crimes. The houses of parliament did not meet next day; but the Popular Club did; and decreed that the Swiss who had fired upon the people were unworthy to be trusted around the person of the Sovereign. So the Swiss were disarmed, and the Civic Guard took their place at the gates of the palace, and on the stairs, and in the ante-rooms—acting rather as spies and as jailors, than as guards of honour to a sovereign.

It was, we say, for the houses of parliament to reprobate or to stamp themselves as accomplices in the crimes that had been committed. The Great Council, or the House of Peers, was composed of prelates and princes and members who were sup-

posed to be devoted to the Sovereign: not one of them in any way alluded to the past.

In the House of Commons, a private member proposed an address to the Sovereign, declaratory of the devotion and unalterable attachment of the deputies to the throne of his Holiness.

“I object to that address,” cried the Prince of Canino. “I object to anything that may compromise the rights of the Italian people, the true and legitimate Sovereign of our country. The council of all Italy will have to decide many questions that, in its wisdom, the triumphant Roman people refrains from deciding. Is this a time to pledge yourselves to what you might very soon repent of? Do you not understand me? Do you not understand that which I do not say, as well as that which I do say? Have I need to explain thoughts which, I thank heaven, are those of all Italy—of that Italy which will shatter alike parliaments and thrones that endeavour to enthral the noble impulses of this finest peo-

ple in the world ! I most decidedly object to the imprudent motion before the house."

Great cheers from the strangers' gallery greeted this certainly very intelligible harangue.

But the member who had proposed the address insisted, and amid groans and murmurs from the galleries, it was carried by a small majority. But the tellers, as we should say, were declared to have made a mistake ; the votes were taken a second time ; and there was a majority against the motion : the house would not pledge itself to the sovereign.

" I wish to enter a protest," said Dr. Pantaleoni, gallantly disregarding the groans of the intrusive strangers. " Two days ago, I sent to all the newspapers an article expressing abhorrence at the base assassination of the Count Rossi ; not one of the papers would insert it. I now wish the house to record that, when we were voting just now, strangers in the galleries interfered and called upon many members, by name, either not to vote at all or to vote the second

time in opposition to the vote they had first given. I wish this to be recorded ; that the world may know how little is our freedom of discussion and our freedom of voting."

The members for Bologna, the colleagues of Rossi, at once resigned in disgust. One by one, several others followed their example ; and the chamber of deputies was degraded into being the mouth-piece of the Popular Club.

It was the afternoon of the 17th of November, the day following the attack on the palace, and the civic guard had that morning replaced the Swiss at the gates of the Quirinal. Pius the Ninth was sadly musing in his private study. He felt that all power had departed from him : that he was, in some sort, a prisoner in his own palace, to be dethroned, set aside, or murdered, whenever he should refuse to sanction whatever the mob, through the Popular Club and its agents, Sterbini and Galetti, might please to demand. His old confessor, Sebastian Liebl, and Cardinal Antonelli, were with him. They had been

discussing plans for the escape of his Holiness from his palace, and for his future safety. The Cardinal was most unwilling that he should leave the Roman States: and proposed that he should walk out of the Quirinal in disguise, and either betake himself to the Vatican, and thence, by the covered way, to the fortress of St. Angelo, where he could defy the power of the insurgents; or else that he should fly to Civita Vecchia, where the vessels of every country could protect him. In either case, the Cardinal would have had him rally the constitutional party around the throne, for the support and maintenance of those liberal institutions so lately granted. The Pope feared to be involved personally in war with his subjects; and was more inclined to listen to the suggestions of the representatives of France, Spain, Austria, or Sardinia, and place himself under their immediate protection. All these knew to what advantage to their own countries the residence of the Sovereign Pontiff in their territories might be turned: and all urged

their several claims, and placed vessels at his disposal, in which to escape. But the Pope had long dreaded the ambitious designs he attributed to Sardinia, and knew nothing of Napoleon, who was then likely to be elected president of the French republic. Count Spaur, on the part of Austria, which he had represented since the withdrawal of the Austrian ambassador, urged that he should fly to Gaeta, whence he could depart, at leisure, to any other country he might elect.

Such had been the subjects of discussion in the papal study, when our old friend Mr. Ollier and Duke Visconti Augustiniani presented themselves below, and demanded to be admitted to a promised audience of the sovereign. The civic guards demurred. Those at the great gates hesitated, and passed them on to the foot of the stairs. Here they were long delayed; but Ciceruacchio was summoned from an antechamber above, and they were permitted to go up to him.

“Corpo!” he exclaimed in a loud voice

to some other civic guards around him, "I cannot see why these Signori should be admitted to his Holiness."

"Simply," replied Augustiniani, "because we have an appointment, as Signor Fillipani, there, will tell you"; and he pointed to the major domo who was passing.

"I know not what to say, Signor Duca," replied Ciceruacchio. "You are not enrolled in the Civic Guard, and you did not go to the war. We have strong suspicions that you are a nero, a black, a retrograde, a Jesuit."

"And what am I, Signor Ciceruacchio?" asked Mr. Ollier—"what am I, that I should be shut out from the audience appointed to me?"

"You, Signore? After heaven had delivered us from Rossi, you spoke to a Capopopolo, my friend, and called those who had done the good work assassins."

"At all events," answered Ollier, "I am an Englishman: and unless you wish me to make known to my countrymen that the

Pope is a prisoner, you will permit me and the Signor Duca to pass on."

"On with you, in the devil's name!" exclaimed the fellow, somewhat terrified by this threat; for his party looked for sympathy from England; and, rushing to the window to ascertain the cause of the lurid light that suddenly appeared in the sky. The two visitors could not forbear following him thither, so startling was the scene that broke upon them. The whole sky, above the dome of St. Peter's, appeared to be on fire. Over the whole western side of the heavens, shapes of fire started out from the clouds, and seemed to dart down amid the very cupolas and buildings of Rome itself; as if one grand conflagration wrapped the city and the skies in flame.

"Cosa è? cos'è? what can it be? what can it mean?" timidly asked Ciceruacchio and his fellows of one another.

"If it is not blood, it portends it!" answered some. "May the Madonna pray for Rome."

"I have been here many years," observed

Ollier to his friend ; “ but I never saw nor heard of an aurora borealis at this season, nor in this country. But let us take advantage of the terror of these fellows to pass on.”

They did so ; and, from the next room, a chamberlain introduced them to the study of the Pontiff. The usual three genuflections were made ; and his Holiness stretched to them his hand, that they might kiss it or the episcopal ring it bore. He, also, was standing at the window and noting the marvellous light. Hither and thither it flashed ; and a trembling diadem of forked lights shot out and over the whole of the horizon. The Pope gazed awhile ; then retired into his little oratory and prayed fervently for the church and his people.*

After a few minutes, he again came forth ; and began conversing, in his own benignant and friendly style, with the two visitors. Augustiniani told how the courts

* It is a fact that such lights in the sky did terrify Rome on this 17th of November.

of law had given a decree in his favour, and besought that it and the titles of his noble house might be confirmed to him.

“We have heard of the decree,” answered the Pontiff. “Our poor Rossi was putting life into the courts of law, and would have made all know their places and do their duty, if it had been so permitted. We trust that justice has been done in your case, Signor Duca. All is confirmed. What say you, Signor Inglese, to this phenomenon?”

“I have seen an aurora borealis before, Santissimo Padre,” answered Mr. Ollier; “but never in this country. It is dying away now.”

“It is so,” answered the Pope; “but now, gentlemen,” he continued, “as we have no doubt that you yourselves found some difficulty in gaining admission to us, so we pray you to warn such friends as we may have that they should not attempt to see us. Their visits would but bring them into suspicion, and would make people say that we were plotting with them against

the liberties which, of our own free will, we have given to our people. We pray you, also, as far as you can, to convey our earnest injunctions to all the Cardinals in Rome, that they should leave the city as quickly and as secretly as possible. We have already desired others to warn them: but we charge you to do so likewise. May heaven protect you!"

His Holiness rung a silver hand-bell that stood on his table, and again stretching forth his hand, they raised it to their lips, and retired, backing, from the presence.

The Cardinals lost no time in availing themselves of the friendly hint given to them. They were all closely guarded in their own houses, by sentinels of the civic guard or by emissaries of the clubs, who pretended to fear lest they should meet and plot against the state: and they had to adopt various devices and disguises to effect their escape. It is probable that the mob rulers rather wished to frighten them away than to hurt them, for they all effected their escape in safety: and the popular newspaper, *Don*

Pirlone, declared that "if, as they said, they had been obliged to dress themselves up as grooms to escape, it only proved that grooms were more respected than they." The same low print gave a woodcut, representing a Roman scavenger shoveling away the street dirt, which bore the likeness of Cardinals, and exclaiming, "Away with the rubbish!"

Such was the popular feeling in Rome: or, as we are told, the feeling of the few, whom the many were afraid of resisting.

Two days afterwards, Pius the Ninth was still uncertain whether he should attempt to escape or not from his jailors, when Middleton Agelthorpe was admitted to his presence. We have said that the Englishman had been often in Rome before this last visit, and was well known, trusted, and respected there by the heads of church and state: and the more so, that he was known to seek nothing for himself, and that he told, to all, truths which they did not hear from others. There was a talk, even then, of restoring the Catholic hierarchy to Eng-

land: and he had lately warned the prime-minister, and the Pope himself, of the opposition which the bestowal of territorial titles would occasion in England. "We have been assured of the contrary, and your Lord Minto and Lord Russell have themselves sanctioned the plan: but if I could think so," said Cardinal Antonelli,* "we would make them archbishops and bishops of St. George or St. Mary: we would give them the titles of their chapels, or the names of the patron saints of their parishes. This would answer our purpose just as well; we only wish to carry on our religious system."

The Cardinal was with his Holiness when the Englishman now entered, with the usual ceremonial we have already described. He took from his breast a small parcel, and giving it to the Pope, "Holy Father," he said, "this has been long on its journey. The Bishop of Avignon, whom I know well, wrote me word on the fifteenth of last

* A fact that the Cardinal so spoke.

month, that he had sent me a parcel by the hand of a sure friend. I only received it yesterday." The Pontiff opened it, and found a small pyx—such as is used for carrying the consecrated Host to the sick—and a letter from the Bishop of Avignon. "In this pyx," wrote the bishop, "Pius the Seventh carried the blessed Host on his breast: his consolation when he was borne away a prisoner to Valence. May your Holiness condescend to accept the memorial, and make use of it for your own consolation, if the decrees of God prepare like trials for you."*

The Pope devoutly crossed himself, and pressed the little silver vessel to his lips. "This settles the question," he said to Count Spaur, who was present. "It was no fortuitous chance that caused this to be sent to us when there was no likelihood that we should need it, and which delayed its arrival until the time of our utmost

* A fact that this letter and pyx reached Pius the Ninth on this day.

need. We will trust to you, Count, to convey us in safety to Gaeta."

The burley Count Spaur—a man about seven feet high, and large in proportion: stiff, anti-liberal, and opposed to every innovation on the old system—left the presence, delighted with the apparent success of his counsels: and proclaimed everywhere that he was about to proceed to Naples on diplomatic business of his King of Bavaria. But while he triumphed in the thought that, when he had once taken the Pope to Gaeta, the King of Naples would manage to keep him there, messengers went from the palace to the Duc d'Harcourt, the rather volatile ambassador of the French republic; and he was engaged to make preparations to receive the Holy Father on board a French frigate at Civita Vecchia; he was told that arrangements were made for the Pontiff's flight to the Neapolitan frontier, in order that, if stopped on one road, he might escape by the other. What were the real intentions of the captive no one, not even Cardinal Antonelli, could then discover.

The valiant woman whom Middleton Agelthorpe had overtaken in her wild rush to the Quirinal, that she might carry two pistols to her husband, sat alone that evening in her boudoir. Strangely familiar to our mental eye seems that face and figure, which, in former years, we had so often rejoiced to lead out—our pleasant partner in the mazy valse. The traces of youthful beauty were now sobered down by matronly cares and by the anxieties of the political devotee—for, of late years, the Countess Spaur had been an active partizan in the interests of the ultramontane Catholic party. Her husband entered, and told her that she was to assist him in rescuing the Pontiff from the hands of his unruly subjects. She listened astounded to the scheme; then, in a frenzy of real devotion and political piety, she cast herself on her knees and besought the Almighty to permit her to be a successful agent in so great and holy a work.

Three days passed away in indescribable anxieties, while the loving wife went about

the preparations necessary for the journey to Naples ; which, it was said, she and her husband were about to take on business of their own. Count Spaur himself often brought her articles of the wardrobe, and other things belonging to the Pope, which his follower, Filippini, privately conveyed to him beneath his own cloak ; and all was packed up together.

It was the afternoon of the 24th of November, and the post-horses were harnessed to the great Bavarian travelling coach below. Countess Spaur, her young son Maximilian, and his uncle, the old priest Liebl were just about to step into it, when Caroline Agelthorpe's old lover, Count Castagna, the Guardia Nobile, pushed past the porter, notwithstanding the latter's assurance that the lady could not see any one, and met her on the stairs. He perceived that she was unusually perturbed, and vowed that he would have the honour of accompanying her as far as Albano. "It is impossible, Signora Contessa, to say what might happen to you in the disturbed state of Rome,"

urged the gallant guardia; "and I must positively ride beside the carriage to protect you."

The Countess smiled scornfully; "I can handle my husband's pistols," she said; "do you think that I need the protection of so bold a horseman?" She wished him, very decidedly, good day, and stepped into the carriage. It seemed decreed that Count Castagna's rides on the Albano road should not be successful. Away went the Countess Spaur, to await on the road near Albano the arrival of the Pope, who dared not that a travelling carriage should be seen in the neighbourhood of the palace.

At that same hour, the Duc d'Harcourt arrived at the Quirinal in his coach of state as ambassador of France, and craved an audience of the sovereign. The guards wondered that he stayed so long; but they knew not that he sat reading the newspapers in the papal study, while the Pope had retired to his bedroom to change his dress. Here his major domo, Filippani, had laid out the black cassack and dress of an ordinary

priest. The Pontiff looked at them, and, raising his eyes to heaven, a tear trickled down his pale cheek. He knelt at the foot of the bed, and praying, buried his face in his hands. After awhile, he rose, and stood weeping and looking, as one abstracted, at the disguise prepared for him.

“Courage, Holy Father,” said Filippini, pulling him slightly by his white robe. “Courage: you will have time enough to pray; but now the hour is nigh.”

The Pope took off his purple stole; kissed it; folded it, and laid it at the foot of a crucifix; and then the white Pontifical robe which he, also, covered with kisses. The robe in which he had hoped to do so much for the honour of God and the good of his people, was laid aside; and he came forth in the simple garb of a priest, such as he had donned it, years before, in his quiet youth. The Duc d’Harcourt threw himself on his knees; exclaiming, “Go forth, holy Father. Divine wisdom inspires this counsel: divine power will lead it to a happy end.” By secret passages and narrow staircases, Pius

the Ninth and his trusted servant passed unseen to a little door, used only occasionally for the Swiss Guards, and by which they were to leave the palace. They reached it, and bethought them that the key had been forgotten! Filippini hastened back to the papal apartment to fetch it; and, returning unquestioned to the wicket, found the Pontiff on his knees, and quite absorbed in prayer. The wards were rusty, and the key turned with difficulty; but the door was opened, at last, and the holy fugitive and his servant quickly entered a poor hackney coach that was waiting for them outside. Here, again, they ran risk of being discovered through the thoughtless adherence to old etiquette of the other servant, who stood by the coach, and who, having let down the steps, knelt, as usual, before he shut the door.

“What are you about?” whispered the Pope. “Rise—rise—or the guards will see you.”

It had been necessary to trust upwards of four-and-twenty people in the palace with

the secret of the intended escape ; but all had proved trustworthy like the poor fellow who now sprang from his knees, confused and stammering lest he should have betrayed his Prince.

The Pope wore a dark great coat over his priest's cassock, a low-crowned round hat, and a broad brown woollen neck-cloth outside his straight Roman collar. Filippini had on his usual loose cloak : but under this, he carried the three-cornered hat of the Pope, a bundle of the most private and secret papers, the Papal seals, the breviary, the cross-embroidered slippers, a small quantity of linen, and a little box full of gold medals stamped with the likeness of his Holiness. And, from the inside of the carriage, he directed the coachman to follow many winding and diverging streets, in the hope of misleading the spies, who were known to swarm at every corner. Beside the church of Sts. Peter and Marcelline, in a deserted quarter beyond the Colosseum, they found Count Spaur waiting in his own private carriage, and imagining

every danger which could have detained them so long. The sovereign pressed the hand of his faithful Filippani, and entered the Count's carriage. Silently they drove on through the old gate of Rome,—Count Spaur having there shown the passport of the Bavarian minister going to Naples on affairs of state.

Meanwhile the Duc d'Harcourt grew tired of reading the newspapers in the Pope's study ; and when he thought that his Holiness must be far beyond the walls of Rome, he left the palace, and, taking post-horses, hastened with all speed to overtake the fugitive on the road to Civita Vecchia, whither he had thought him to be flying. As he left the study in the Quirinal, a prelate entered with a large bundle of ecclesiastical papers, on which, he said, he had to confer with the Pope ; then his chamberlain went in to read to him his breviary and the office of the day. The rooms were lighted up, and the supper taken in as usual ; and at length it was stated that his Holiness, feeling somewhat

unwell, had retired to rest ; and the attendants and the guard of honour were dismissed for the night. It is true that a certain prelate, who chanced to see the little door by which the fugitive had escaped into the street left open, began to cry out, " The Pope has escaped ! the Pope has escaped !" But Prince Gabrielli was beside him ; and, clapping his hand upon the mouth of the alarmist, silenced him in time, by whispering, " Be quiet, Monsignore ; be quiet, or we all shall be cut to pieces !"

Countess Spaur meanwhile was resting at the inn at Albano, and ordering six horses with which to continue her journey. She was in a state of the greatest excitement between hope and fear. She not only foresaw the dangers of the journey before her, but she knew that, at that very hour, her husband was attempting that in Rome which would surely cost his life if it were discovered. She drew her son, Maximilian, aside. " Can you manage, Mimo, she said, " can you manage to get the wax tapers out of the carriage-lamps,

and to hide them away without being seen ?”

“ To be sure I can, mama !” replied the lad ; and he ran away to put a trick upon the servants, in which any boy of his age would delight. He went and played about the coach-yard, climbing about their own and the other carriages, and chatting with the ostlers till they had all left him, when, continuing his apparent play, he quietly took out the tapers, and threw them behind a straw-loft. He returned triumphantly to his mother, and, with the old priest, his uncle, began questioning her why she would go on in the dark, and what made her so thoughtful and fidgetty.

“ Hush ! hush !” said the Countess ; “ go and say your prayers, both of you. But to make you quiet and prudent, I will tell you. Papa is trying to save the Pope from the hands of the rebels ; and if he is not killed, he ought soon to be at the place of meeting. Ring the bell, and let us order out the horses.”

These were soon harnessed ; and they went down to the carriage.

“Why are the carriage-lamps not lighted, Francesco?” asked the Countess of her servant.

“La scusi, eccellenza; but we cannot find the tapers. I thought they were in the lamps: and none are to be had at Albano.”

“You are always so stupid!” exclaimed the Countess. “You must have come away without any. However, it does not much matter: we shall get others at Velletri. Drive on, postillions.”

The Pope and Count Spaur had arrived first at La Riccia, a lonely village a few miles beyond Albano, where the Count had appointed that his wife should meet him. It was already dark, and they got out of the carriage to walk up and down till she should arrive. A patrol of five carabineers rode up, and inquired who the travellers were. “I am Count Spaur, minister of Bavaria, and am going to Naples on business of my king. I am waiting here for my wife and family, and I wish they would arrive.”

“The roads are quite safe,” replied the carabineers : “ but we will return and escort your Excellency if you wish it.” This was declined, and the Countess drove up at that moment. She saw, by the light of the lamp which her husband had not had the wit to leave behind—she saw the Pope leaning against a railing by the side of a carabineer, who was resting his two elbows upon it, and seemed to be staring into the face of the Pontiff ; while the others surrounded her husband and the carriage. She thought all was discovered : but she summoned up that nerve which we have seen that she possessed, and called to the postillions to halt. It was all right. The Count opened the door, and handed in the little parcels he had received from Filippini ; and the lady, leaning out towards the Pope, exclaimed, “ Now then ; be quick, doctor : jump in ! ” The Pope seated himself beside the Countess ; and the Count and his valet mounted the coach-box.

Inside the carriage, the lady sat on the

right hand, with her son opposite. Beside her, sat Pius the Ninth, opposite to whom was the old priest, Liebl. They were all silent, scarcely breathing, so much were they awed by the thought of the undertaking, and of being so closely boxed up beside the holy Father. But the Pope himself broke the silence. "Courage," he said, "courage! I have about me the blessed Host—in that same pyx which Pius the Seventh carried when he was dragged a prisoner to France. Christ is with us, and will protect us."

All bowed their heads in reverence and in silent prayer. After a few minutes, the Pope kindly told them the manner of his leaving the palace; and then, turning to the priest, they began and recited together the office for the day. At Velletri, they procured lights for the carriage-lamps. They slept, without fear of malaria, as they drove at quickest pace across the Pontine marshes; and, between five and six in the morning, they crossed the Neapolitan frontier. The Pope joyfully intoned the Te

Deum, which they all sang in parts; and then, with the old priest, began to recite the office for the new day.

Delayed somewhat at Fondi by the firing of a wheel, the fugitives arrived before mid-day, and without further adventure, at the pretty Albergo della Villa di Cicerone, in the orange-groves of Mole di Gaeta. Cardinal Antonelli and Cavaliere Arnau, of the Spanish embassy at Rome, received them with joy and thankfulness. A separate room was given to his Holiness, where the Cardinal, disguised in secular dress, alone waited upon him; and whence the Pontiff wrote a letter to King Ferdinand of Naples, announcing his arrival, and requesting hospitality for a short while in his dominions. This was given to Count Spaur, who immediately proceeded to Naples, after exchanging passports with Arnau. The latter was to remain as Bavarian minister, while M. Spaur should go forwards in the character of secretary to the Spanish legation.

In the afternoon, as the streets of Gaeta

were too narrow to admit the great travelling coach, two little carriages of the country were hired, and in one of these Cardinal Antonelli, Cavalier Arnau, and young Spaur, drove down to the fortress of Gaeta; while the Pope, the priest, and the Countess, followed in the other. At the gates of the fortress, they were ordered to report themselves forthwith to the commandant; and having, with some difficulty, secured, in the little pot-house of the town, a separate room for his Holiness, Arnau and the Cardinal went to show themselves to the old Swiss brigadier, who commanded the place.

Casting his eye over the passport they handed to him, and reading the name of Count Spaur, minister of Bavaria, with family and suite, the general began to speak to them in German. This was a chance on which they had not calculated; and taken suddenly aback, they stammered, and could only answer that they had both been so long in Italy as to have forgotten their native language. Now, with all respect to Cardinal Antonelli,

be it said, that his very clever and wide-awake countenance, coupled with the awkwardness with which he wore the unaccustomed secular dress, was not calculated to reassure the suspicious officer of a despot who dreaded talent under whatever guise; and the governor of the fortress of Gaeta would have instantly consigned his two visitors to the castle dungeon, but that they were said to be accompanied by their wives and children. As it was, he coolly dismissed them; and they had not long returned to the public-house, when two sentinels posted themselves beside the door, and two police-officers came in to pay their respects to the family.

The Pope withdrew to his little inner room: and Countess Spaur and the others remained to entertain their visitors. In general conversation, they inquired all the news of Rome: and apologized for their intrusion, by saying that several Cardinals had fled in disguise to the kingdom of Naples, and that it was needful to know "who was who". They learned nothing to confirm or dispel their suspicions; and re-

turned to the governor, who rated them soundly for their stupidity.

Next day was Sunday ; and after attending an early service in the parish church, at which the Pope was fearful of showing himself, the Countess, the Cardinal, and Cavaliere Arnau went to visit the Commandant of the fortress : and the Countess endeavoured to dispel his evident suspicions, by explaining that her husband had found at Mole di Gaeta despatches from the King of Naples, which compelled him to hasten forwards, and that, to save time, he and Arnau really had exchanged passports.

“ General,” said an orderly entering, and formally touching his cap, “ General, the sentinel on the tower signals three steamers from Naples.”

“ How strange !” exclaimed the General. “ It is very seldom that large vessels put in here. What, Madam, could be the purport of the despatches you say your husband received ? What news did they bring ?”

“The despatches were sealed, General,” replied the Countess: “and we know nothing of Naples, as we are just come from Rome.”

The Commander began pacing the room in meditation; but soon another soldier came in, and announced that the royal flag was flying on board one of the steamers.

“The royal flag! Tod und teufel, how strange!” exclaimed the Commandant. “However, Madam, let me hand you a cup of coffee, since it is here; we shall know more by-and-bye.”

“General,” cried a subaltern, entering hastily and with little reverence, “General, the King is coming into port!”

“The King! Madam; what can be the meaning of all these mysteries? Excuse me,” cried the General: “I must hasten to receive his Majesty.”

Away sped the Swiss Commandant, and after him sped Cardinal Antonelli and Arnau, laughing heartily to one another at the stern old disciplinarian’s bewilderment. King Bomba was just stepping from the

little boat to the quay, when the General arrived, out of breath, and began formally to greet his sovereign.

“Well: where is the Pope?” exclaimed the King, interrupting him.

“The Pope, Sire . . . the Pope. He is not here . . .” stammered the Commandant.

“Not here! Where is he, then? He must be here!” exclaimed the King, surprised in his turn.

“Then he must be on board the French frigate that arrived last night,” said the General, looking wise. “And that accounts for the Captain’s having saluted after sundown, against all rule. I was very near sending a few cannon balls at him in reply. How fortunate that I did not do so, since the Pope is on board!”

Here Cardinal Antonelli pushed up to the king: and, in a low voice, explained who he himself was, and the present whereabouts of his Holiness.

“Bravo, General Gross!” exclaimed the King to the mystified Swiss: “Bravo! a proper watchful officer you are to command

a frontier fortress! You have the Pope within your walls, and you know nothing about it!"

We leave the reader to imagine the devoted homage of the King of Naples, and the arguments by which he persuaded the fugitive Pio Nono to remain at Gaeta.

CHAPTER XI.

How merrily the wedding-bell rang on !

The parting guests mov'd homewards to the chime.

Two hands were join'd whose hearts had long been one ;

And life look'd glad as spring in rosy prime.

And life renew'd, when this should all be done,

Look'd brighter still—beyond the reach of time.

Is it not sweet to think the bond of love,

Contracted here, will yet endure above ?

It may well be supposed that, after his last interview with the Pope, Middleton Agelthorpe had anticipated the early flight of the Sovereign, and that Rome could not be much longer a safe residence for a family of ladies. Pius the Ninth escaped from the Quirinal, and most of the foreign families dreaded popular tumults, and began to leave the city. Our friends would have done the same, but that they were convinced, from their greater acquaintance with the character and wants of the people,

and from the assurances of their many friends, that the Romans would be tranquil now that the cause of opposition was removed. They were reminded that no riot had ever occurred until the Allocution against the national war had placed the Pope in direct opposition to the will and feelings of the people; and that whatever disorder had since arisen, had sprung from the opposition between the Prince and the people on this one subject.

Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe resolved to wait. His wife was subject to a pulmonary complaint, which made him unwilling to move northwards at the beginning of winter, and in the severe weather that was now setting in; and the mustering of troops in Lombardy and Piemont for the renewal of the war, rendered the roads unsafe for peaceable travellers. A feeling of delicacy towards Caroline had also its influence in detaining them. She had now given her uncle and aunt fully to understand that she wished the marriage with Duke Augustiniani. No answer to his proposals had

been received from the Lord Chancellor ; and without his sanction and support, her guardians, who benefited by her remaining single, did not like to act in direct opposition to her own wishes. Mrs. Agelthorpe, it is true, would have been glad, for her niece's sake, to break off the match. She disliked the domestic usages of Italians, and what she called their dirty personal habits. She said that she had seen Prince Augustiniani spit over Caroline's shoulder while walking beside her in the Colonna Gardens.

“ Those are matters on which Caroline alone must judge,” replied her husband. “ She is so young, that, if she were to marry in a pigsty, she would learn to eat out of the trough.”

But, notwithstanding this opinion, her guardian was seriously anxious for his niece. He knew that she cared not for the young man, and was only moved to accept him by the flattery and interested kindness of some of the Roman princesses to herself ; by the vanity which made her

anxious to place herself in that class, to which almost all English people in Rome looked up as to magnates, whose personal acquaintance even they were unable to compass; by the childish wish to see her name in the *Almanach de Gotha*. He put his hand through the arm of his friend, Don Pasquino, and besought him to tell him the result of mixed marriages in Rome,—whether they really were supposed to conduce to the happiness of the parties.

“Do you know the form and style of our marriage settlements?” asked Don Pasquino.

“No. Is there anything peculiar in them?”

“You shall judge. The richest family amongst all our Roman princes has about seventy thousand scudi, or fourteen thousand pounds a-year. We all used to be better off; but our younger sons will not now go into the church and occupy our family livings, so that we are obliged to provide for them out of our income. They have annuities of about one hundred pounds

a-year, a little apartment in the palace, and the ‘piatto,’ or right to eat at table, during the life of their father or eldest brother ; for, as you know, Rome is almost the only country on the continent in which entails are permitted, and the father is not obliged to divide his property amongst his children. Many of us have estates in other parts of Italy, by the equal partition of which younger children benefit ; and the younger sons of two or perhaps three of our very highest families, inherit estates from collateral branches and ancient settlements.”

“ It would be a difficult matter to divide these immense palaces !” exclaimed Middleton Agelthorpe.

“ Oh no ; we can settle one floor upon each son,” replied Don Pasquino. “ But to return to our daughters. Only two or three of our nobles have as much as seventy thousand scudi a-year ; and the highest dower that is ever given to any daughter, is fifty thousand scudi, or ten thousand of your English pounds. About two thousand of these are usually spent in the purchase of dresses,

laces, shawls, and jewels for the bride; the remainder is taken to fit up, and renew and furnish the bridegroom's palace, or to pay off a mortgage upon his estates. These are again mortgaged to the young lady, in order to secure the proper application of her dower."

"No great harm thus far," observed the Englishman.

"I am glad you think so," continued his friend. "The dower being, as we have supposed, fifty thousand scudi, the husband contracts to pay not less than fifty nor more than one hundred scudi every month, to his wife, as pin money. One or two Roman princesses have secured two scudi per month on every thousand of their dower; but one is the more usual proportion."

"Twenty or forty pounds a-month in clothes, when two thousand have already been sunk in the outfit? It is immense!" exclaimed Agelthorpe.

"And our Roman ladies are very well dressed," replied Don Pasquino. "But

besides this," he continued—"besides this, the husband contracts to provide always for his wife a box at one or more of the public theatres, a close and an open carriage, a coachman and a certain number of footmen, and a certain number of dishes daily on the dinner-table."

"Then you anticipate that husband and wife will quarrel and live apart?"

"It is always possible; and every case ought to be foreseen and provided for, that there may be no need of discussion in the courts of law, and scandalous disclosures of the private affairs of noble families. So we provide not only against the contingency of the husband's death, but also for that of his committing any public crime, and being imprisoned or executed."

"And in case of death, what becomes of the bride's fortune?" asked the Englishman.

"She resumes it, and an equal amount from the estates of her husband, for her life. At her death, her own dower is divided equally amongst younger children, or as may have been previously settled."

“Your wives are better protected than ours,” observed Mr. Agelthorpe.

“Perhaps they need it more,” said Don Pasquino; “but we have such a word as *extradotale*, the meaning of which is this:—A prince, who may intend to give his daughter fifty thousand scudi, will generally settle one-third of it for her own entire and separate use. So, also, if by the death of other younger children, or by especial bequest, she should inherit anything over and above what is properly called her dower, this all belongs to herself, for her own separate use, independent of her husband.”

“What says the husband to this arrangement?”

“It is a capital plan,” answered the Roman, “and keeps him on his good behaviour. I assure you, that the more prudent fathers cut down the dower as much as possible; twenty-five thousand scudi is enough for any Roman princess; whatever they give more than that, prudent fathers give as *extra-dotale*. Our Roman husbands have need to be kept in order.”

“And are marriages, so formed, really happy?” asked the Englishman.

“Why not?” asked Don Pasquino. “The fewer the causes of dispute, the less people are likely to quarrel. Besides; the highest classes are now highly moral and religious. In the last generation, they were not so; nor are now the middle classes; but it is the fashion amongst the nobles at present; and I assure you, that we really are most exemplary. There is hardly a young man of your acquaintance who does not belong to some pious confraternity, bound at all hours to visit the sick poor, and follow them to the grave.”

Of the morality of the upper classes, Middleton Agelthorpe had no doubt; having always noted the domestic habits of the Roman princes and princesses; the devotion and assiduity with which they walked or drove together in the morning; and always accompanied one another in evening society. But he recurred to his first question; and besought his friend to tell his opinion of the prudence of mixed marriages to which he had before alluded.

“The habits and customs of some countries are so different,” exclaimed Don Pasquino, musing. “I knew one couple who quarrelled for years, because the husband liked a particular dish fried, while the wife preferred it hashed up with sauce. This was a solitary instance; but think—only think, quanti piatti di fritto vi sono nella vita—how many fried dishes there are in life!”

The friends parted, and Middleton Agelthorpe returned thoughtfully to repeat to his wife all that he had learned.

And now the flight of Pius the Ninth was known in Rome; for his major domo had delivered a letter to the minister, Galletti, in which his Holiness charged the ministry to protect his servants, who had not known of his intended departure; to guard his palaces; and to maintain the quiet and the peace of the city. And annoyed and doubtful and anxious as were the minds of men when the truth was made known to them, the anticipations of Middleton Agelthorpe were realized, and the city was won-

derfully quiet. The authorized and approved and courtly historian of the times, says that the people were quiet out of spite ; to prove that they could do without a sovereign. Mamiani, who, until then, had refused to join the ministry, now, in his country's need, accepted the place to which he had been named ; and all waited anxiously to learn whither their sovereign had fled, and what course he would adopt. They had not long to wait. On the Sunday following that on which he had been greeted by the King of Naples at Gaeta, a proclamation was received from the Pope, in which, after recounting the force that had been put upon him in the attack on the Quirinal, he declared null and void all the acts of the ministry he had been compelled to name, and appointed a commission of seven persons to whom he temporarily committed the whole conduct of public affairs.

It was not likely that the Romans should consent to see all the privileges which had been granted to them thus summarily recalled : and the new papal commissioners

themselves knew how vain would be the attempt to execute the power that was thrust upon them. Prince Barberini and Prince Ruviano complained loudly that they had been named on the commission without their own knowledge or assent; and, refusing to act, the latter hastily left Rome. Cardinal Castracane, the president of the new commission, agreed with the superseded cabinet, that a deputation should be sent to Gaeta, imploring his Holiness to return, and for a while, at least, to confirm the present ministers in their offices. The parliament met at night, to avoid the interference of strangers; and, unanimously charging the present ministers to continue in power, appointed members of their own body to wait upon the Pope to entreat his return: and the municipality of Rome named its senator, old Prince Corsini, to accompany them, and support the prayer. The members selected to form the deputation were men of character, honour, and moderation; and the good wishes of all prudent and moderate men accompanied them on their journey.

CHAPTER XII.

Sad looks are still so apt to change to sour,
Or look as if they could. Thus all went on
In mirth and happiness hour after hour.

At times, we, gentles, left the hall, and down
The sloping garden saunter'd. Every flower
Look'd glad and bright: and cheerily beam'd the sun.

*Letter from Mary Agelthorpe to her former
governess, Miss Webb.*

“Is it not strange that, after all the horrid events that have passed, the people of Rome should have settled down again as if nothing had happened? Most of the English families who were coming on here have stopped at Florence, and some have gone away; but the Roman gentry seem to have no fear; and all goes on much as usual. To be sure, we are now only in Advent; and Caroline and I are afraid we shall not have a very gay carnival; but the little

Advent ricevimenti take place much as usual; and the weather is so beautiful, that Princess Castellonia still continues her receptions at the Castellonia Villa, a mile outside the walls of Rome.

“I have seldom seen money more completely wasted, than that which has been spent in embellishing the grounds round this villa. Temples, obelisks, fountains, and artificial ruins, give it rather the air of a little cockney box, than of the spring residence of a Roman princess. Papa says that ruins are the natural growth of Rome: and that if the Prince wished to vary the landscape, he should have erected steam-engines and tall chimneys. But a love of brick or stone and mortar is the weakness of the Romans.

“The interior of the house is most magnificently fitted up. The theatre is like a Greek theatre, in the form of a semicircle, round which runs a gallery. The boxes contain the most luxuriously-soft sofas and gilt chairs covered with crimson velvet. Then there is the conservatory, filled with

the most beautiful camellias and orange trees. There is a delightful little museum, with a ceiling painted a fresco, and mosaic pavement. There are two little glass boudoirs, also with mosaic pavements. Besides these, there are many handsome little salons, and a large entrance-hall, where we danced in spring. This villa, like most of the Roman villas, is only inhabited for a few weeks in the year. But during this short period, the Princess gives weekly receptions to her most intimate friends: a select circle, for she is very exclusive. Last Sunday, there was another of these ‘*petites sociétés d'intimité*’, as they are called.

“ ‘Come very early, and stay as late as you can,’ said the Princess in her winning manner to Caroline, as she gave us the invitation.

“ We did not arrive quite early enough to please her, but in very good time. She was seated on the terrace, with a few other Roman ladies, who, like ourselves, had been invited early. The gentlemen were walking about. I seated myself between Marchesa

Firenze, a young and pretty English bride, married to a Roman, and Princess Barberini, also a bride and sister to the young Princess Orsini. Meanwhile, Anna Barberini, whom I had not before observed, as she was, as usual, seated in a corner with her cross-looking duenna, came up to me to inquire after our mutual friend, Bianca del Tevere, who had not yet arrived.

“And now the Princess proposed adjourning into one of the little glass rooms, where refreshments were laid out on the centre table. This became the signal for forming little *côteries*. Princess Castellonia was seated on a sofa, with a little circle, composed of the old Princess Gentilserpente, who openly declared that she hated the English, Duchess Trevi, and Princess Barberini. Seeing that Caroline was standing a little apart from the rest, she went across the room to her, and taking her hand, seated her on the sofa beside herself. The conversation, when Carry joined the little circle, was being carried on in Italian: but one of the ladies, not liking to exclude Caroline,

good-naturedly began speaking French. I was so amused to see Princess Castellonia take Caroline's hand, while she interposed, in Italian, 'Why should you speak French? the Signorina understands and speaks Italian! Besides,' she added, pressing her hand with one of her irresistible smiles, 'she is one of us: she has quite an Italian heart.'

"To such a speech, said in such a manner, there was no reply; so Caroline looked pleased and thoughtful, and began to speak Italian. I saw, from where I sat, that the old and stern Princess Gentilserpente had no desire to claim her 'as one of us.' Her sharp eyes were fixed upon her, and I momentarily expected to see a scornful smile curling her lip at Caroline's bad Italian. However, she acquitted herself pretty well. We have both made wondrous progress since Count Castagna, the guardia nobile's, romantic courtship; but we were both of us anything but sorry when the gentlemen returned, and we dispersed to walk about the grounds.

"And now more people began to arrive,

and we were joined by the Marquise de Valance, her two daughters, and her son, the young marquis. The young French beauty of the season, Mademoiselle de Dix Chateaux, was there also with her mother, née de Richelieu; and our friend, Don Pasquino, with his two children. A band, stationed in a temple, began to play the newest dancing-music. This was most tantalizing, as it was Advent, and dancing was out of the question. We bore several waltzes and polkas pretty patiently; but when the band struck up the Lancers, our desire to dance became almost irresistible.

“ ‘Come,’ exclaimed the young Duca di Quattromali, always the first at a dance, ‘come; if we cannot dance, let us form a set. We are just eight; and if we stand as if we were going to dance, it will keep us quiet.’

“ ‘By all means,’ I said, not thinking they would really do anything so silly. We took our stand, and immediately Don Ignazio Cerina and Princess Barberini, Marchese Riogo and the young Marchesa di Patria,

Don Visconti Augustiniani and Caroline, placed themselves, and we actually did go through the folly of forming a regular set, and standing still, listening to the music, while the gentlemen beat time. But when we came to the bowing-figure, Marchese Riogo cried out, ‘Allons! it will not be dancing, and there can be no harm in making each other a polite bow and courtesy.’

“ We did so, and at the last figure gave hands. All this, fortunately for our credit, took place in an avenue where no one could see us. We were all young. The eldest lady was not three-and-twenty.

“ Meanwhile we were not unobserved by our beautiful and fascinating hostess, who approached us just as we had finished.

“ ‘What does this mean?’ she asked, with a smile, looking at Don Visconti for an explanation.

“ ‘Mademoiselle Agelthorpe wants to dance,’ said Prince Augustiniani, obligingly throwing all the blame on her shoulders.

“ ‘These ladies are so bent upon

dancing!’ exclaimed Duke Quattromali, who, by-the-bye, had been the first to propose it.

“ ‘ Well, well, *ma chère*,’ said the Princess, turning to Caroline, ‘ if you really want to dance, I should not think there could be much harm in it. Because, you know, we are all friends ; and, if it is not talked of in Rome, it will not much matter. No one here will betray us. So say the word, and we will dance.’ ”

“ But Caroline knew well what would be thought and said of an English person who should break through the established rules and customs. I told her in English not to think of it, because if it really was wrong or indecorous, its being kept a secret in Rome, would not make it right and proper. So she answered that she was afraid it would be really wrong, but that she was not the person to decide.

“ ‘ It is a great shame,’ whispered the Duca di Quattromali to me, ‘ that your cousin should not say the word. The Princess would do it directly for her. And

if there be any sin in dancing in Advent, we have committed it already in our hearts, if not actually.'

"And now Prince Castellonia appeared, and, offering his arm to the Princess de Croij, led the way further into the gardens. Mademoiselle de Dixchateaux and I now joined a party who were going to see the grotto. It was formed of artificial rock-work, and was lighted by stained-glass windows. But we were soon called away to the riding-circus, where the gentlemen were about to exhibit. We found the pavilion already fully occupied, and were obliged to seat ourselves on the uncovered seat which surrounds the circus. I found that Bianca was at my side ; and mama, who looked annoyed when she saw Caroline come down with Augustiniani, placed herself between them. Just as we sat down, Prince Castellonia exclaimed, in Roman phraseology, 'Ecco Dorilanti e la ragazza.' Then, changing his sentence as Prince Dorilanti appeared within hearing, he said, 'Ecco il Principe Dorilanti colla sua Signorina.'

“ Princess Castellonia descended the steps of the Pavilion to meet them, and then proceeded with Princess Lucrezia Dorilanti to find a seat for her. They passed directly behind me, and the little princess and I exchanged a few words of greeting ere she took her place at the other side.

“ There were thirteen riders. They divided into two parties of six, and left Prince Castellonia alone in the middle, to direct their movements. For some time, they performed various evolutions with great success. Then Prince Raffaelli, mounting a little milk-white Arabian horse, with blue silk reins, separated himself from the party, and, advancing to the centre, the horse went through a polka to perfection, keeping time to the music which the band played. And now the Prince Royal of Saxony, who was among the riders, urged them to try in how small a circle they could gallop round. The figure was very easy for those outside the circle ; but Marchese Riogo, who was the innermost, received such a shock from the Prince of Saxony’s horse,

that his own was thrown to the ground, and lay rolling upon its unlucky rider. For a moment or two, no one knew who had fallen ; and the kicking of the horse caused so much dust, that nothing could be seen. It rose again to its legs, and, as the dust cleared off, the rider lay, to all appearance, lifeless or insensible on the ground.

“ A cry arose of, ‘ Riogo ! it is Riogo ! ’ who was, indeed, a general favourite ; and those who had been moving slowly to the steps, now jumped from the bank to his assistance. Princess Castellonia and Princess del Borgo, who had been sitting side by side near mama, wrung their hands, and exclaimed, ‘ Povero Riogo ! Povero Riogo ! ’

“ Meanwhile his wife, who had been at the other end, was rushing to the steps, when her child, a little girl of three years old, caught the skirts of her dress, and, crying all the time, tried to stay her. The mother tore the child from her, and rushed towards the arena. But, by this time, Marchese Riogo had been raised from the

ground, and proved to be more stunned than hurt. Papa, therefore, sprang back to the poor wife, and assured her that her husband was not injured. As soon as Marchese Riogo was conscious, he asked for his hat, which, they say, is the first thought of every thrown rider—went and said a few words to calm the fears of his wife—and then mounted his horse again. A gentleman now offered Marchesa Rioga a glass of wine-and-water, which she refused with a smile. Caroline turned to mama, and said, with an air of triumph, ‘Those two seem almost as attached to one another as an English husband and wife could be!’

“But during all this time, a little scene had taken place in the pavilion. The eldest Miss Vernon, who was seated in the front row, is rather given to affectation. At the first alarm, she uttered a shriek, and fell back into the arms of Lord Rangerleigh, who had kept all the morning at a distance from us, and was then sitting directly behind her. She fainted, as she shrieked, and then seemed to be in violent hysterics. Poor

Lord Rangerleigh knew not what to do. The predicament was awkward in the extreme. He wished to jump down with the others, find out who was hurt, and offer his assistance. But Kate Vernon most effectually kept him a prisoner. He looked much vexed ; for he saw that all his friends were laughing at him.

“ The riding was given up, and Prince Castellonia said, as he walked away with papa, ‘ Every time that I have had these riding-parties, some one has fallen. Hitherto, only single men, and if they like to risk their lives, it is their own affair ; but when a married man falls, it is another matter ; and I will not run the risk of being pointed at, and having it said, Filippo Castellonia killed that man ! So this is the last time we will ride in the circus ! ’

“ I was near Marchesa Riogo, when she reached the villa, and I saw her touch, when unobserved as she thought, the arm of the gentleman who offered her the wine :—

“ ‘ I refused that wine and water when you brought it me,’ she said, ‘ because every

one was there ; but now, if you will fetch me a glass, I shall be very much obliged.'

"He did so, and she drank it hastily. This was a woman generally supposed to possess no feeling. She set up for being very dashing, and incapable of fear on any occasion. But until she had taken this glass of wine and water, she had been scarcely able to stand.

"As we went home, Caroline again triumphed in the evidence of mutual affection that had been given by a Roman husband and his wife and child."

CHAPTER XIII.

The mighty Colosseum: mighty mound
Of stone and brick and mortar. Barbarous pile!
In which no architectural grace is found:—
Vastness its only order—only style.
Away with cant! I bid thee gaze around:—
What dost thou look on worthy to beguile
The head or heart, beyond the common grace
Of every ruin, cliff, or rocky place?

PRINCE CORSINI and the deputation from the Parliament proceeded on their mission to entreat Pius the Ninth to return to Rome, and were stopped at the Neapolitan frontier. They returned to Terracina, and wrote to Cardinal Antonelli, requesting him to procure their admission to the sovereign. The cardinal replied, that his Holiness regretted that he could not receive persons sent to request him to return to his capital.

No one acquainted with the popular feeling of Rome at the time entertains

a doubt, that, if the Pontiff had not escaped as he did from the hands of the Civic Guard, he would have been still more closely confined, and ultimately murdered by his subjects. It was not, therefore, very likely that he should immediately again trust himself in their power. But this refusal even to receive the suppliant representatives of the first two powers of the State, legally and constitutionally organized, and of Prince Corsini, an old man of eighty, the holder of a title of dignity before which the world had once trembled, and the very name of which—although it was now little more than a name—was still dear to Rome; this refusal to receive the five representatives of the two Houses of Parliament and of the Municipality of Rome, sealed the fate of the Papal Government. Revolutionists and Republicans rejoiced, and openly devised a change in the constitution of the country. Then were seen the ill effects of that counsel which had taken the sovereign to a foreign state rather than to Civita Vecchia, whence he might have appealed

to the constitutional party, and governed through his ministers. The decree or proclamation already received from Gaeta, was clearly illegal, according to the then existing constitution of the country, because it was countersigned by no minister ; and the Revolutionists plausibly declared that it was either not genuine, or was issued at the dictation of the King of Naples. Caricatures were put forth which represented Pio Nono as a caged bird, that King Bomba was teaching to sing.

In such a state of inter-regnum, more and more tumultuary and excited became the people of Rome ; more and more coarse and unbridled, had such been possible, became the public press. While the Commissioners appointed by the Pope could not or would not act,—the bulk of the Civic Guard,—the Constitutionalists and their leaders,—the men of rank, property, and tried loyalty, saw the danger, and offered to arrest it. They conferred with the Pope's own commissioner, Cardinal Castracane, and offered to arm themselves, and to preserve

the temporal throne of their sovereign, if he, the cardinal, would give a pledge that that sovereign should govern according to the constitution. When the cardinal declared that he had no power to make any such promise, they sent a private messenger to Gaeta, and renewed the offer to restrain the Republicans and Revolutionists, and to uphold the rights of their sovereign, if only he would pledge himself to maintain the Representative Government, and the liberties he himself had granted, and to join in the war for the independence of Italy. No answer was returned to the proposal!

While the minds of men were growing daily more treasonably-imaginative of other forms of government, it became known in Rome that General Cavaignac, then President of the French Republic, had prepared a body of French troops, that should proceed to Civita Vecchia in order to protect the person and freedom of the Pope.

Here was fresh cause of anger and excitement to the Romans. Deserted by their sovereign, by the first power of a constitu-

tional government, no legal authority was in existence. The parliament was still sitting, and named a giunta of three persons to act as a regency, and fulfil the temporal offices of the prince in his absence. The three named were the senators, or first magistrates of Rome, Bologna, and Ancona; and the selection of such men proved, at all events, that the few members who still attended the Lower and the Upper House had no revolutionary designs. The senator of Bologna declined to act; and our old friend, Galetti, was named in his place.

The very commissioners appointed by the Pope when he fled from Rome, perceived that this was the crisis of his temporal authority. They hastened to Gaeta, and urged an immediate, an instantaneous announcement that he would shortly return to his capital—would preserve the liberal institutions he had granted—and would join in the national war. Their advice was unheeded. Doubtless the sovereign had already resolved not again to trust himself among his loving subjects, unsupported by foreign bayonets.

A regency had been appointed, and Cardinal Antonelli had declared it to be an enormity—and the Pope, that it was a treasonable invasion of his sovereign powers. Mamiani—unable to control the course of events, or to maintain the rights of the prince, who had ever been suspicious of him, but whose best friend we believe him to have been—Mamiani had resigned his place in the cabinet. A French army was on its way to the papal states; and the tumultuary gatherings of the Roman mob, and the excitement of the whole population, warned Middleton Agelthorpe that Rome could not longer be a safe residence for his family. He had no fear of being molested by any person in authority; but it was impossible to guard against what might happen in a popular tumult, or in the not-improbable event of the incursion of a foreign army. He resolved to go. But events had outstripped his calculations, and his resolve was taken too late.

The arrangements for the journey were nearly completed; and, fatigued with their

preparations, the family had gone out for relaxation and fresh air, and to enjoy, once more, their accustomed walk and drive. It was a bright, frosty afternoon—the day after Christmas-day ; and the middle-aged man who had been seated against the walls of their palace ever since their first arrival in Rome,—who in the summer months had been totally idle, and in the winter had been warming his hands over a small brazier, was warming them still. He did not look up to ask for an alms ; for, by this time, the parties were pretty well acquainted with one another ; and, as the Agelthorpes had never been able to discover in him any mental or physical defect to justify his mode of life, so they had never given him anything. They passed in front of the church of the Gesù, and noticed the man with one leg tied up, who sat, with his large dog, beside the door. Middleton Agelthorpe had first refused to give him an alms on the plea that he kept that dog ; but the man little heeded the refusal ; he had two show-houses of his own, and was almost as well

off as the lame beggar at the top of the steps in the Piazza di Spagna, who had lately settled upon one of his daughters a dower of ten thousand scudi.

Our friends pursued their walk ; and, as they turned into the square at the bottom of the steps leading to the Capitol, were scarcely surprised to see icicles hanging from the basin of the fountain, and from the mane of the old basalt lions that Rienzi had so loved and dreaded. They toiled up the steep hill ; and there, half-way up the broad ascent, was the well-known blind beggar, seated on a camp-stool in the centre of the wide flight of steps. He was wrapped in a great coat, very much patched, but not torn ; and, in his hand, he held the money-box, which he rattled to attract the attention of the passers by. This was nothing new ; and, pitying his misfortune, they passed in front of the once-gilt statue of Marcus Aurelius, and by the side-door of the church of Ara-cœli. A coach of a dusky-brown colour was drawn up there. Two capuchin monks came out of the

church, bearing a large wooden figure in a cradle: they entered and seated themselves in the coach, and the driver hurried away. Mr. Vernon was standing by, and looked surprised. He shook hands with the Agelthorpes without speaking to them, while he said to an old beggar woman beside him, "What is that? What are they going to do with that image?"

"Signore!" she exclaimed in surprise at his ignorance; "it is the Santo Bambino of Ara-Cœli!"

"But where are they carrying it?"

"Oh, it is going to some sick person."

"What for?" questioned Mr. Vernon, half hoping that he had discovered some authorized superstition that would excuse his dalliance with his own conscience, and his delay in bowing to what he believed to be the truth.

"Perchè!" exclaimed the woman, turning up her eyes in pious horror of his ignorance. "Why, to find out if the sick person is going to die, to be sure; and to help either his body or soul."

“And will the Santo Bambino tell them that?”

“Sicuro, Signor mio. If the ammalato is to recover, the Santo Bambino’s cheeks will turn quite red; but if he is to die, they will not change colour at all. Besides, a prayer is seldom refused that is asked of the Santo Bambino of Ara-cœli.”

“So you believe that this doll can hear what you say, and grant your prayers?” asked Mr. Vernon.

“Signore?” . . . murmured the poor woman, in a tone of surprise.

“You believe that this Bambino, this child in the cradle, is our Saviour, and can work miracles?” suggested the Englishman.

“Ma, Signore, our Saviour is in heaven, and the Santo Bambino is made of wood.”

“Then, how can it work all the wonders you say?”

“Ma, Signore, it does not work anything. But when we ask the Santo Bambino to do something for us, we are thinking of our Saviour; and He, who is in heaven, listens to us and grants our prayer,” replied the old woman.

“How these people do wriggle themselves free of the charge of idolatry!” exclaimed Vernon, turning to the Agelthorpes. “I thought I had her there! but she evidently knows the difference between an image and that which it represents.”

They all entered into the church; for occupying, as it does, the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, it was one of the most interesting in Rome to the two gentlemen. To Mary Agelthorpe, too, it was peculiarly attractive; not from its magnificence, for many in Rome are far more magnificent; not from its simplicity, for many there are more quietly simple; but here, in reference to this church, where the creed of the past and of the present unite, her father had often talked to her of that still older creed than either; of that unrecorded earliest revelation—perverted because unrecorded;—of that earliest creed of sacrifice and Herculean hero-worship, in which universal mankind testified that belief in a promised Redeemer, which it could have

known only by revelation, though it had forgotten the source of a knowledge

That priests and bards bewilder'd to a dream.

Mary Agelthorpe, having with difficulty found a place on the floor that was undefiled by phlegm, was on her knees, wrapped in such prayerful thoughts, and all unheeding the gilded and tawdry statues about the church and the three dogs that were gambolling across its aisles and the steps of its high altar, (and which could scarcely have been of that same breed that pious Mr. — is said to have carried to England to propagate there, because they were so well behaved in Roman churches),—Mary Agelthorpe was rapt in such high and prayerful thoughts, when she felt her arm touched by one of those other interruptions to prayer that infest all churches in Italy :

“ Signorina—qualchè cosa—un bajocco per amor di Dio,” a beggar woman, kneeling beside her, whined in her ears, and then into the ears of every member of the party. They all rose, annoyed, and left

the church. The old woman with whom Mr. Vernon had conversed was waiting for them outside, “Signor mio, give me a *quattrinello*; I am so poor, and I have ten children. Signor *illustrissimo*, per carità, un *quattrinello*, and I will pray for you to the Santo Bambino.”

They began to descend the opposite side of the hill, when they heard a well-known voice, which they recognized immediately to be that of a blind woman, who had ensconced herself in a sheltered nook beside the foundation wall of the Capitol—“*Capitoli immobile saxum*.” She was always tidily and warmly clad; and although she, too, had a box, she trusted more to the volubility of her tongue than to the rattle of the coppers to draw attention. So soon as she heard a footstep approaching, she always began her petition which, being very long, she repeated as fast as possible to every one that passed; and, by this time, the Agelthorpe girls could say it almost as well as the blind woman herself.

A few steps further on, a young woman

with two or three little children begged for charity. She, also, was blind; and our friends passed her, and hurried quickly on to avoid a dreadful object that now came hobbling towards them. The first time they had come this way, they had unwittingly looked in his face. He seemed to have all the disorders of the most wretched—not excepting that of a man who once ran behind their carriage, tapping his forehead, and crying out, “Son pazzo, Signore, I am an idiot—Son pazzo.”

We do not instance the mendicants that lined this road as being more than usually numerous; as many may be found in every direction through Rome and Italy: these were individually impressed upon the memory of every one of the Agelthorpe family. Before they leave home, Italians commonly fill their pockets with coppers, and give to all indiscriminately. They believe that their own merit is not lessened by the undeserving character of the recipient of the charity; and they escape the trouble of inquiring into individual cases.

And now, in front of our promenaders, the ancient Forum, grass-covered and bounded by leafless trees, wooed them for the last time ; —an uneven surface, dotted with churches and with ruins : hither the thoughtful traveller will always direct his walk, leaving the Monte Pincio to be thronged by the fashionable and the idle. Its vicinity to the residence of the Agelthorpes would alone have made the line of the Forum their most convenient way of passing into the country. They had but to cross the Capitoline Hill, while their carriage went round through the crowded streets, and met them again at its base on the other side. Here they now found it waiting ; and they hastily entered it to avoid some tumultuary groups of the workmen usually employed in the excavations before them. These were paid by the government, on the plan which Louis Blanc had lately endeavoured to establish in France ; and being dependent upon Pietro Sterbini, the Minister of Public Works, were always at his beck and call whenever his patrons of the Popular Club

wished to get up a row. Mamiani had long controlled them, and had even won the Civic Guard to support the cause of order ; but now, under the pretence of being employed by the government, they became more and more organized ; they looked on Ciceruacchio as their leader, and disturbed the town by fortuitous and unexpected gatherings. The papers of the day had exhibited a likeness of the Pope, dressed as a poor fisherman and trowling for fish in the Tiber ; underneath it, was scrawled “ ANCIENT COSTUMES ” ; and, having taken a hint from this, the workmen were now gathering in procession to carry some hats, like those worn by cardinals, and the papal tiara, in derision, through the streets of Rome. Away they went uproariously—secure of their day’s pay from the government coffers ; and away, in the opposite direction, towards the Colosseum, the Agelthorpes drove to avoid them.

Their drive was anxious and unpleasant. Caroline was out of humour at being taken away from Rome while Augustiniani’s suit

was still unsettled. Mary was unhappy, and spoke her regret at leaving Rome so suddenly: she, also, frequently alluded to Casavecchia and Horace Enderby, as to friends she would gladly have seen again before she went. Mrs. Agelthorpe and her husband were both anxious with the thought of their interrupted plans, and of the difficulty of travelling northwards in the depth of winter. They all wished to take one last look at the mighty Colosseum: and the carriage stopped at its low-browed entrance.

A peasant, apparently of the better sort, leaned in the shade of one of the buttresses. No one of the party noticed him otherwise than to observe that his rude leggings and breeches, his short round dark jacket and silver buttons, and the sash round his waist, were smarter and fresher than those usually worn by peasants of his class. On his head, the sugar-loaf hat, bedecked with a cock's feather, was jauntily carried. He turned away his features as they passed beside him, so that his slim and well-knit figure

was alone observed : then having stood to see which gallery they entered, he himself quickly followed their footsteps. The Colosseum was deserted. Not now, as one little month before, did Princess Orsini head the veiled ladies who, associated together for works of charity, were wont to meet here and walk from altar to altar in prayerful procession. Not now, was the English traveller to be recognized on the highest range, or in the most distant vomitory, by the blue or purple Guide-book in his hand,—our red friend, Murray, had not yet made his appearance. The Colosseum stood almost untenanted and silent as ever. The massive walls,—once fringed with brambles and creeping plants, so picturesque on the ruins now buttressed up with bricks,—the massive walls cast their crescent shade on the wide arena : and bitter cold was the side over which that shade fell.

Slowly and thoughtfully the Agelthorpes sauntered about the ruin, collecting and hoarding away recollections to be carried

far and often recurred to hereafter; and often, as they passed from gallery to gallery, they saw the smart peasant whom they had noted at the entrance. They were just going out from one of these into the open arena, and Mr. and Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe and Mary had already passed before, when he suddenly came out from a vomitorium, and confronted Caroline before she could follow them. He raised his pointed cap from his head, as he said:—

“Surely so poor a disguise cannot conceal from Miss Agelthorpe one who lives only in the thought of her?”

“I do not wish to recognize Lord Rangerleigh. Let me pass on, my lord,” replied Caroline, coldly.

“But how can I have offended you, Miss Agelthorpe?” asked the young man, earnestly. “Surely my devotion could not be deemed an offence?”

Caroline walked quick to overtake her party, but did not answer.

“I have dogged your steps in this dis-

guise, and have watched for you at your favourite haunts. Do not leave me without saying what I have done to call for such stern reserve—such cold disdain even?”

“You have not done anything, my lord,” answered Caroline; “but when a matter is settled, it is well to say no more about it.”

They had now reached the end of the gallery, and she bounded into the open arena, where her uncle and aunt and Mary were waiting for her.

“Let us go, uncle,” she said; “that peasant, whose dress you admired so much, is Lord Rangerleigh.”

“Lord Rangerleigh! why should he so disguise himself?” exclaimed Mrs. Agelthorpe.

“He could not well approach Caroline openly, after the injunction of the Lord Chancellor and the prohibition I have been obliged to send him. Has he spoken to you, Caroline?” asked her uncle.

“Yes; but let us go,” replied Caroline:

and she told what had passed between them as they walked towards the carriage.

“Poor Lord Rangerleigh!” exclaimed Mrs. Agelthorpe, as they took their seats, and drove away along the Via Gregoriana; “if I could have foreseen what was to happen with this Augustiniani, I would have stood the Englishman’s friend.”

“And of what avail would it have been against the injunction of the Lord Chancellor?” expostulated her husband. “Besides, my dear Margaret,” he added, “Rangerleigh may be, and is, a very pleasant fellow, but we all know that his character is not exactly such as a mother would wish in the husband of her daughter; and his property is too involved to suit the Lord Chancellor.”

The drive was prolonged for half an hour; but they were all out of sorts, and did not enjoy it. They turned, therefore, again into the Forum, and proceeded homewards—casting long, lingering, and regretful looks upon every monument of antiquity which they passed, and which they felt that

they were beholding for the last time. The rabble workmen were no longer busied about the excavations—the procession of Cardinal-hats had drawn them off; and driving round to the right, the Agelthorpes hoped that they might make the circuit of the Capitol and emerge from those narrow streets without meeting them. They were not destined to be so fortunate.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sad was the day when startled Rome first heard
Her sad mischance.

THE carriage, with Mr. and Mrs. Agelthorpe and their daughter and niece, had just reached the archway in the little street of the Ripresa dei Barbari, near the Piazza di Venezia, when it suddenly found itself surrounded by a mob more than usually dense. Amongst them, our friends recognized at once the labourers of the Forum, who, having thrown the cardinals' hats and the papal tiara into the Tiber with the usual marks of scorn, were returning to excavate around the pillar of Phocas; but mingled with these, was an immense concourse of more respectable citizens, who had evidently met for some joyful celebration, and whom the others had fallen in with by chance.

Bands of music and banners were there; and amid the festive discharge of firearms, with which many of the people, as well as the Civic Guard, were now constantly armed, arose wild cries and cheers, that soon declared the object of the meeting.

“Viva, evviva Garibaldi!” was shouted in deafening chorus. “Viva l’eroe di Montevideo!” triumphantly exclaimed every Italian; while the bands of music struck up at the same time and greeted the guerilla chieftain, who had unexpectedly arrived in Rome.

“I am so delighted,” exclaimed Mary Agelthorpe, “that we shall have a chance of seeing him before we leave Rome! I wish he would shew himself on the balcony and address the people.”

He did so. The same strange, wild figure and noble countenance, that we have seen on the shore of Lake Maggiore, soon stepped forth from the window of a house, near which the mob blocked in the carriage. Raising the broad sombrero from his head, Garibaldi did homage to the mul-

itude. "Romans — Italians," he slowly said, "I thank you. If I have anywhere endeavoured to maintain the honour of the Italian name, it was the thought of you, of Italy, and of my countrymen, that gave me strength to do so. Once more amongst you, I have brought a sword not unaccustomed to strike; a hand not unused to wield it; a head not quite unskilled to plan victory; a heart that has never ceased to beat for Italy:—all these I have brought back for the service of our country: all these I devote to the cause of Italy. I ask and seek no other guerdon than her freedom, independence, and nationality. Brother Romans! let us together cry out, 'Evviva Italia!'"

He waved his broad hat as he spoke, and the cry was taken up and repeated, far and near, by the people; it mingled with the beating of drums, the discordant screeching of the wind-instruments of the band, with the bagpipes that, as usual, infested the streets at this season, and with the festive discharge of fire-arms. But above

all the tumult, and just as it was dying away, arose a shrill piercing scream from the open carriage of the Agelthorpes. A lad had been firing his gun into the air, when another, jostling against the stock of it, the muzzle had dropped, and the ball had struck Mary Agelthorpe where she stood up beside her mother and Caroline. They both repeated her shriek as she fell back on the seat, and all bent anxiously over her. The mob, too, congregated around with looks of deep concern; and the cheers for Garibaldi were quickly exchanged for exclamations of “L’ Inglese!” “La Signorina Inglese!” “Poveretta, what a misfortune!”

Middleton bent over his daughter, and watched her closing eyes. “Home—home,” she murmured; and, starting up, he wildly besought the people to make way for the carriage to pass. They opened their ranks with ready sympathy; and laying her as flat as possible on the seats of the carriage, he supported her gently in his arms for the short distance they had yet to go. They drove into the courtyard of their residence;

and he raised her from the carriage, and gently carried her up the stairs, and laid her in her own bedroom.

“ Away for Pantaleoni !—Hasten for Dr. Baroni !” exclaimed Agelthorpe, naming the first physician in Rome, and the latter who was the most eminent surgeon in Italy. The servants of the house dispersed in hackney carriages ; while the coachman was ordered to drive rapidly to the palace of the Cancelleria, in case Dr. Pantaleoni should be in the House of Commons, of which he was so distinguished a member.

The sufferer was undressed and placed on her bed. Wine was given to her, and she appeared to revive ; but her sufferings were intense, and she lay speechless—only pressing gently the hand of her parents to shew her consciousness and love. Both the medical men who had been sent for, arrived sooner than could have been expected, and carefully examined the case of the patient. Pantaleoni’s trim figure, and sloc-black eyes, and bald forehead, were well known to all. Baroni’s quiet and earnest manner

gave evidence of the thoughtful practitioner. He probed the wound through the muscles under the shoulder of the sufferer, but could feel no ball. "It must be there," he said; "but embedded under the other shoulder-blade, unless it has gone upwards into the muscles of the throat, or thereabouts. I can do nothing to extract it."

The poor child had fainted, and was with difficulty restored to consciousness. They then left her to the care of her mother and Caroline, while Mr. Agelthorpe followed them into the adjoining room. In reply to his anxious inquiries, the medical men could give him no positive assurance; it was impossible to say exactly where the ball was lodged; it might bring on fever, and at once terminate fatally; it might linger there for months, while the neighbouring muscles accommodated themselves to it; it might fall through into a part where its presence would be less immediately dangerous, or work itself out altogether, as it moved from under the shoulder-blade. All that could at present be done was, they said, to keep

the sufferer in bed, with as little corporeal motion or mental excitement as possible, and to guard against fever, or any other dangerous symptom that might supervene.

Here was an end to all their projects for leaving Rome. Happen what would in the political world, here they must stay; and bitterly did Middleton Agelthorpe reproach himself for not having sooner followed the example of most of his countrymen, and left a city that was liable to be disturbed by such tumults as that from which he had suffered. Still reflection told him that such a chance might have occurred anywhere; and the sympathy which the very mob had evinced, so soon as it knew what had happened, proved to him that he had not erred in deeming that it would not intentionally have injured any foreigner. He returned to his daughter's room, and seating himself beside his wife, they watched her in silent meditation and prayer. She slept for two hours, and awoke in less pain.

Caroline opened the door, and beckoned her uncle out of the room, while she took

his place at the bed-side. Mr. Agelthorpe went on into the drawing-room, and started when he saw who occupied it, and by whom he had been summoned. Garibaldi himself stood there with a beautiful female, whom he introduced as his wife. "Believe me, Signore Inglese," he said, "believe me that I cannot tell you how deeply Anita and I are grieved at what has happened; not, heaven knows, by our fault, but owing to us. We saw it all from the balcony."

The Englishman took his hand, and wrung it in silence.

"I have had your carriage followed, Signore," resumed Garibaldi, "that I might discover where you lived; and I have learned the state of the Signorina by inquiry of the porter below. When we heard that she was more tranquil, Anita and I came at once to express our sorrow and sympathy."

"Povera Signorina! but she will recover," said Anita, with a look of earnest simplicity and of beaming hope, as she went up to Middleton and gazed, almost tenderly, into his eyes.

"Heaven only knows!" exclaimed the father, turning away and placing a handkerchief to his eyes.

"Permit me to see the Signorina," said Anita, earnestly. "I have been often in a sick room, and may be of use."

"She cannot see visitors," Mr. Agelthorpe began to say.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Anita, interrupting him. "The Madonna forbid that I should presume to visit the Signorina! But you must have a nurse. Let me nurse her when I am able. Tell madama and her that I am one of the nurses sent to her by the doctor."

"My poor Anita is used to tend wounds," said Garibaldi, smiling. "You may trust her, Signore."

Middleton Agelthorpe saw no harm in complying with the kind-hearted woman's prayer; and was glad to see one, whose power with the people seemed to be unbounded, so deeply interested in the welfare of his family. He signed to her to follow him, and introduced her into the darkened

room of his daughter, while he murmured the words “ a Roman nurse ” to his wife and Caroline. The eyes of the sufferers were open, and turned languidly towards them. She saw their entrance, but made no sign. Mrs. Agelthorpe only believed that the new comer was, in truth, a nurse sent by the doctor. Anita stood a moment at the door; then, walking forwards on tiptoe, kneeled down at the side of the bed; and, taking the hand which lay all powerless outside the bedclothes, bore it tenderly to her lips. For a few moments, she kneeled, as if in prayer; then, quietly and unostentatiously making the sign of the cross on her chest, she rose and went to the window-curtains, and drew them over, so as to shut out a ray of light which fell somewhat too strong on the wall opposite the invalid. Mrs. Agelthorpe went up to assist the stranger, whose motions she had watched, and much liked. The new nurse drew her aside, and whispered, “ Excuse me, Madama, you do not know me. But let me come here sometimes. Believe me that no one would do

more to assist your daughter's recovery than Anita Garibaldi."

"Garibal—!" began Mrs. Agelthorpe, astounded: then, checking herself, lest her child should catch the sound of the ill-omened name, she seized the young female's hard fingers in her own soft hand, and whispered, "Thanks, thanks, if you have so kind a heart."

The mother and the young woman left the sick room together, and returned to the drawing-room, where the chieftain was waiting for his wife.

"Permit me to come sometimes to see your Signorina," said the latter. "I pray to the Madonna that she may recover: but in the meanwhile I may be of use to you. Will you grant my prayer?"

"Most thankfully," exclaimed Mrs. Agelthorpe, who was quite won upon by the gentle manner and kind heart of her visitor. "I little thought to have found a kind friend in the wife of General Garibaldi."

"Let us be friends, then," said Anita, looking joyfully, yet sadly, through those

large black sleepy eyes: "and I will come and see you again to-morrow."

They took a respectful leave of the lady, who hastened back to the side of her daughter.

The morrow and the morrow came; and the wife of Garibaldi paid lengthened visits to the room of the sufferer, where her habits of tending upon her husband's occasional wounds made her very useful, and ingratiated her more and more with Mrs. Agelthorpe: but no material change took place in the state of the wounded patient. The physician and surgeon both declared that there were no symptoms of immediate danger; but would give no assurance whatever for the future.

Not so stationary, however, was public feeling, and the course of political events in the city.

We have told how a supreme giunta, or regency of three persons, had been appointed to perform the temporal duties of the sovereign in his absence. But in a few days, Prince Corsini, who had been one

of the three, resigned his office ; and so many members of the Chamber of Deputies and of the High Council had also resigned, or had ceased to attend the sittings of parliament, that the number required by law to form a house could never be collected together. Prefects, mayors, magistrates, governors of towns and counties, whether ecclesiastics or laymen, had equally resigned their charges ; and, in fact, the country was absolutely without a government. It is much to the credit of the people that, in such circumstances, they behaved in the orderly manner they did—unless, indeed, as has been hinted above, they were quiet out of spite. But the ministry and the two remaining members of the regency, were sorely puzzled what course to devise. As good subjects, it was doubtless their duty to resign their situations also : but the commission appointed by the Pope at the time of his flight, still refused to act, and would not have been obeyed if it had attempted to do so. The ministers, therefore, complied with the feeling of the

people at large: they dissolved the parliament which had, in fact, already dissolved itself; and they summoned a National Assembly of two hundred members, to be elected from all parts of the country, which should early meet in Rome, and organize a government in conformity with the wishes of the majority: they themselves, they said, bowing to the supreme law of necessity, and in order that the country might not be left without some governing power, would hold their offices until the meeting of this new National Assembly.

So ended the first Roman Parliament, which, existing only for a few most anxious months, had shown parliamentary abilities and aptitude of a very high order. Its free agency interfered with by popular tumults; by the cries of the strangers, so imprudently admitted as spectators of the debates; by the known hostility of the sovereign to that which was known to be the will of the immense majority of members, as it was of the people whom they represented—namely, the national war with Austria—its free

agency thus trammelled, the parliament had still kept a respectable position in the eyes of the country; and had proved, beyond a doubt, that the people of the Roman states, at least, have the genius and tendencies necessary to a parliamentary and constitutional government. Events have demonstrated that such a government is the only one that can ever endure in Rome, where it is as impossible to set aside the temporal power of the Pope, as it is henceforth for the Pope to govern despotically and by ecclesiastics. The federative union of all Italy, imagined by Pius the Ninth, and the constitutional representative government of the Roman states, which he first granted to his people, is that which must be resorted to whenever foreign bayonets are withdrawn from the support of the existing system. The history of this parliament, noble and dignified, notwithstanding the absurdities of Prince di Canino, proves that, as no attempt was or ever can be made in Italy to interfere with the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, so he himself

must frankly adopt the necessities of constitutional government—must govern, in temporal matters, through the agency of a parliament and lay ministers.

On the 29th of December, the decree convoking the National Assembly had been promulgated; and the conservative constitutionalists saw no hope for their country but in the election of moderate men, who would arrest the headstrong course of republican revolution, on which the minds of many were so madly bent. They prepared themselves, therefore, to contest every seat in the interest of their sovereign. On the 1st of January, 1849, Pius the Ninth published an address “to his most loving subjects from his peaceful retreat at Gaeta”. He reminded them of the attack upon his palace, and that he had only received a sterile invitation to return from that party which had refused to pronounce one word in condemnation of the assassination of his minister, or of the assault upon the Quirinal. Then, referring to the proposed National Assembly, he characterized it as a

direct attack upon his temporal government, and forbade his subjects to take any part whatever in the proposed elections, under penalty of incurring, by the very act itself, that excommunication which the Council of Trent had pronounced against all who infringed upon the temporal power, in their own states, of the Roman Pontiffs:—an excommunication which all who had summoned the said Assembly, or had taken any part in convoking it; or who had usurped, violated, or disturbed the Papal authority, had, he declared, already incurred.

Such was the tenor of the proclamation issued from Gaeta on the 1st of January, 1849:—on the anniversary of that day on which the entrance of the Middleton Agelthorpes to Rome had been impeded by the triumphant and joyful procession of his subjects thronging to greet and to do honour to their sovereign:—to that same sovereign who now, a fugitive exile in a foreign land, declared to them that they were rebels and excommunicated. Such change had twelve short months brought about!

CHAPTER XV.

Is Rome a dream? A dream in days of yore,
Days of untravelled boyhood: yea, a dream
Of schools and schoolmen. Never, never more
Can he who has resided 'mid the stream
Of thousands battenning on the sacred floor,
Where great men did heroic deeds, esteem
Of Rome as once he did. The charm is gone,
New actors throng the stage: the dream is done.

THE immediate effects of the excommunication seemed to be most disastrous to the cause of order and legitimate authority. The mob-governors of Rome addressed proclamations to the people, beseeching them to remain quiet "under the great provocation they had received": and every editor of a newspaper turned theologian, to prove to his readers that the Holy Father had exceeded his spiritual authority:—forgetting how they themselves had clamoured, but a few months ago, because Pius the Ninth

refused to excommunicate the Austrian Empire, when the German troops invaded Ferrara, they now declared that such spiritual arms could not be applied to temporal purposes. The ‘Don Pirlone’ journal set the example of treating it with ridicule; by reprinting it with the editor’s own comments, and sending boys to hawk it about the town. “The excommunication!” they cried, “for one bajoccho. Don Pirlone and the excommunication for one penny.” Ciceruacchio called off gangs from the public works to carry it in procession through the city, and treat it with every indignity: and a woodcut was engraved, showing well-known premises on the Corso, towards which a porter was represented as bearing a great bale, labelled “Excommunications”; which he told an inquiring countryman was “carta per lo stabilimento”.

But these endeavours to discredit the document did not avail the government: people could not disregard it; though every effort was made by the police to suppress and withdraw it from circulation. But

still it appeared and reappeared. From unknown printing-presses, immense numbers constantly issued, and were as constantly circulated in the town. One morning, a copy was found pasted upon each of the marble busts on the busy thoroughfare of the Ponte a Quattro Capi: another day, it was on the basalt lions at the foot of the Capitol, or on the very door of the palace of the Chancery. And often a swaggering republican—whose broad trousers and long neckerchief-ties, floating behind his shoulders, proved him to be of the school of “young Italy”—often did such an one, when he thrust his hands into his wide pockets to pull out his handkerchief, bring forth, instead, a copy of the proclamation, which some dutiful subject had slipped in to insult his Mazzinian nose.

Upon the respectable portion of the inhabitants, and upon the constitutional party, the effect of the excommunication was more important. They had intended to fight the battle of their Prince at the hustings; but were now forbidden to take

any part whatever in the impending elections for the National Assembly. They withdrew, therefore ; and an open field was left to the revolutionists. Almost every municipal officer throughout the Papal States either resigned his office, or refused to take part in the elections. So strong was the sentiment of religion and of loyalty to their sovereign, that few of the respectable inhabitants of the country would join in that which he declared to be treason, although they themselves considered it the only means of restoring his rightful authority.

This refusal of so many to act under the new laws and the provisional government, seems to have deprived that government of every sense of decency and of moderation which it had first shown. It sent round lists of government candidates to every constituency : it appointed committees of public safety everywhere to compel people to vote at the elections : and although an assembly was being convoked, which alone was to have power to make laws, it daily

issued decrees despotically altering the fundamental laws of the State, confiscating property, and abolishing rights. Rome itself was kept in much the same condition as used to disgrace a pot-walloping English constituency during a contested election of the olden time:—the government canvassing for its own members, in opposition to the disgust, apathy, or fears of the people. Its agents infested every tavern, and called themselves the Apostles of the People: all the theatres were opened, and temporary ones built for horsemanship, rope-dancers, tumblers, and fantocchini. These displayed their booths beside the doors of the principal churches; and free tickets were forced upon young women and men, to induce them to enter and see all that they had ever held most sacred, in religion and morality, turned into derision. The lowest electioneering agents met together at night and were feasted in the Capitol, or in the different wine-shops where they collected the voters. Thence, half drunk, they issued at two or three o'clock in the morning;

and, clinging together to save themselves from falling into the gutters, they went rollicking through the streets and waking up the peaceable inhabitants by their wild songs and cries of "Viva la Republica!—Death to the priests!"

By such means did Armellini—an old lawyer of the supreme Papal Courts—place himself at the head of that ministry from which Mamiani had withdrawn; and with Galetti and Sterbini, in such manner did he fulfil the behests of the infamous Roman Clubs.

It was the bright morning of the 5th of February: and the deputies elect to the National Assembly,—who had gone in a body from the Capitol to the church of Ara-Cœli, the church of the Roman municipality, where they had attended divine service, and blasphemously sung the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* to beseech the Holy Ghost to inspire their parliamentary counsels,—the members of the National Assembly were marching in grand procession to open the parliament, which their Sovereign and Pontiff had ac-

cursed. A rabblement of low attorneys, country authors, and discharged placemen, with hardly a score of known or respected names amongst them, they proceeded majestically through the principal streets of Rome, proudly bearing over their shoulders the great tricolor scarfs that marked their new dignity. The great banner of the Popular Club ushered them on their way, and was followed by the flags of the fourteen municipal divisions of Rome: by hundreds of minor flags borne by different associations of students, of citizens, of trades, of workmen. Soldiers on foot, and carabineers and dragoons on horseback, all in holiday uniform, marched before and behind, with military bands and drawn swords. Even all the artillery carriages in Rome were brought into the procession, and rattled, lumbering, through the old streets of the city. The uniform imagined for the deputies, scorned the adjuncts of furred and velvet cloaks, as savouring too much of aristocratic costume to be endured, even on that cold morning: and they went

shivering in swallow-tailed coats and trousers. They certainly would have looked very mean and cold and half-clad, but for their great tufted beards, the long curling hair that fell on their shoulders, and the flowing tricolor scarfs we have before mentioned. These had in them a certain shew of warmth; but never was a more absurd costume than that now imagined for legislators who were aping the dignified character of ancient Romans.

Such were the national deputies who gathered together in the great parliamentary hall of the Palace of the Cancelleria. Armellini, the minister, opened the sitting by a speech in which he bombastically told them that they were about to "erect a monument which, resting upon the ruins of the Cæsars and of the Popes, should hoist the banner of Italy and of the People over the land, where slumbered the thunderbolts of the Roman eagle and of the Vatican. He would, therefore," he said, "inaugurate their immortal labours with the two most holy of words—Italy and People."

Such a speech could not but be applauded by a parliament elected as this had been, and by the mob of strangers who thronged the galleries : and, starting to his feet, when his own name was called over, the Prince of Canino exclaimed, “ *Evviva la Repubblica!*”

“ Wherefore,” cried Garibaldi, “ wherefore should we lose time in such vain ceremonial ? Every moment’s delay is a crime. *Evviva la Repubblica!*”

The strangers in the galleries would have voted the Republic by acclamation : but the ministers prevailed upon the assembly to permit the usual formalities, and allow the members to be sworn in, and the debates to be regularly opened. Three days were consumed in these forms and in the election of Galetti, as president or speaker of the house. On the 8th, a country playwright opened the all-important discussion, by asserting that, according to Scripture, the kingdom of the Popes should not be of this world. Mamiani, the ex-minister, followed, and spoke long and eloquently. He admitted that only two

forms of government were possible in Rome—the Republican and the Papal: but he reminded them that every part of Italy, excepting, perhaps, the little state of Tuscany, was opposed to republican principles: so that, even in Italy, a Roman republic would stand alone, without habits of self-government in the people, without funds in the treasury, without an army on the frontiers to oppose the irruption of those foreign powers which would hasten to the defence of the Pontiff.

One after the other, half-a-dozen members rose to refute the arguments of the ex-minister. The sitting was adjourned until eight o'clock that same evening, when the Prince of Canino insisted that Mamiani's own ministerial career should prove the impossibility of uniting a papal and constitutional government. "But," he cried, uplifting his tremendously-loud voice, and addressing the galleries as well as the house,—“but do not you feel the sacred soil of Rome tremble under your feet? The souls of your ancestors upheave it, qui-

vering with impatience. It is they who cry out to you by my voice, *Evviva la Repubblica Romana!*”

Uproarious shouts of applause from the galleries greeted the eloquence of the popular orator; and it was with difficulty that the debate was allowed to proceed. The discussion was, however, resumed with sufficient decorum; and several members spoke boldly against the proposed republic. But Sterbini saw which way the immense majority inclined; and, fearful of being left behind in the race for public favour, he rose, and said, “I propose that, when we have voted the Republic, it should be solemnly proclaimed to-morrow from the capitol.” Thus he took time by the forelock, and the debate went on.

Out of two hundred members, to which the representation was restricted — and which had never been completed, because some constituencies had refused to permit any one to be put in nomination — out of the whole number of members elected, one hundred and forty-two were present when

the last division took place. Of these, ten voted against the motion, and twelve refused to vote at all. A majority, therefore, of one hundred and twenty carried the following decree, which the President, Galetti, read aloud:—

“ART. 1.—The Papacy is fallen, in fact and by right, from the temporal government of the Roman states.

“ART. 2.—The Roman Pontiff shall have all necessary guarantees for the independent exercise of his spiritual power.

“ART. 3.—The government of the Roman States shall be based upon pure democracy; and it shall take the glorious name of Roman Republic.

“ART. 4.—The Roman Republic shall maintain, with the rest of Italy, such relations as shall be required by a common nationality.”

It was two o'clock in the morning, and Mrs. Agelthorpe and her husband sat by the bedside of their dying daughter. She had been in great pain that day; and worn out by suffering and by the additional

fatigue of receiving the last consolations of religion. These had been piously administered by Abbé Rodat, a good French priest, long settled in Rome, and whom Middleton Agelthorpe had selected as the confessor for his family—the same who had vainly attempted to save Count Rossi from his fate. He had left Mary late in the evening, and Caroline had also gone to rest, when, about midnight, she had fallen into this quiet sleep. She still slept on, and the untiring father had just signed to his wife that she, also, had better lie down for some hours, so that they might divide the watches of the night. The mother unwillingly arose, looked at the clock on the mantel-piece, and saw that it marked two hours and a quarter after midnight. She listened to the howling of the wind that was blowing gusts of hail, sleet, and rain against the windows; then, having thrown herself for a few minutes into her husband's arms, and gazed anxiously on her child, was leaving the room on tiptoe, when there burst over and around them a noise that shook even the

solid walls of their palace. Suddenly the great bell of the Capitol tolled as if over their heads : the bells of the Jesuits' church, of St. Andrea delle Fratte, of the Apostles, and of San Carlo-a-Catenari, which surrounded them on every side, burst forth at the same instant, The cannon of Sant' Angelo boomed a hollow chorus. Mary Agelthorpe started wildly from her pillow, "What is the matter ? For heaven's sake, what is the matter ?" she screamed, with an effort that, more than the clamour around, alarmed those who had not heard her voice for ten days above a whisper.

"I know not, dearest ! I know not," said her mother, rushing back and supporting her in her arms and endeavouring to soothe her. "Most likely, a fire has burst out somewhere."

"No, no ! it cannot be that !" said the invalid, wildly, as the sound increased in fury, and the bells of all the smaller steeples around took up the clatter. Rosina rushed in, and was ordered to open a shutter and try and see what was the matter. She did

so: but the night was so dark, that she could not discover anything amid the storm and sleet but clouds of wild pigeons that, startled from their nests in the dome of the Gesù church, fluttered in terror against the windows. Dogs howled and raced madly through the streets—their fear increased by the discharge of firearms that now burst from many an open window and terraced roof, and mingled with the booming of the cannon, the clang from the steeples of the churches, and the tolling of the great bell of the Capitol. Mary Agelthorpe fell back exhausted; while her father, rushing to the next room and opening a window, divined what was the matter by hearing a rabble-gang pass beneath, waving torches and shouting, “Viva la Republica!” “The Republic is born, like the Redeemer, at midnight!” “Up, Romans, and greet the Star of the Republic!” “Viva la Republica!”

In such terrors, passed the hours: and history tells us that many an invalide was thrown into fits, and several sick women

expired in convulsions occasioned by the tremendous and unexpected midnight clang and tumult.

Dr. Pantaleoni and Signor Baroni visited their English patient early next morning. They found her much weakened by the excitement of the night: but, after careful consideration of every symptom, the surgeon declared that the nervous tremor or the sudden start had moved the ball from where it before lay. It had worked its way or had fallen through to some less vital part: and not only was the patient in less pain, but there was no present danger for her life.

How little do the promoters of popular rejoicings, or of the festive clang of wedding chimes, think of the sick people who lie within the sound of their festivities!

Thus, however, arose what called itself the Roman Republic. Ambitious of being again the political centre of Italy, as it had ever been the centre of Religion, it assumed a name by which alone it could hope to make good its empty longings. A congre-

gation of feudal barons and their retainers, and of almost-independent chieftains, had arisen in the disorganization of the dark ages. They had never possessed a national spirit, nor the sentiment of a common country; they had, in turn, been bribed by honours, and coerced by force, to submit to clerical rule; their territory had been gradually increased by the conquest, or the bequest of adjoining provinces; but no hereditary spirit of patriotism—no historic memory of common struggles for a common country, united their descendants, who now constituted the people of the Roman States, to one another, or gave them weight and influence with the other people of Italy. A patriotic feeling had to be created with which they should claim a place amongst nations. No such feeling could be exorcised from the modern history of the territory, nor of the races that inhabited it; and, like ambitious upstarts, the fortuitous owners of a noble name, they went to the Heralds' College of Antiquity, and borrowed the bearings and the motto of an historic

race. The world knew that they were upstarts, and scorned the vain assumption.

Yet even "this fond desire—this longing after" nationality—was newborn and unnatural to the Romans. Until the days of Pius the Ninth, they had, indeed, been misgoverned, and had hoped for administrative reforms; but the feeling of nationality had slumbered amongst them until evoked by the liberal institutions which he, unasked, had bestowed. Time alone could create the spirit which should band them together to appreciate those institutions, to create and uphold a feeling of national interest and national pride. Few foreigners can have known Romans of all classes so intimately as it has been our lot to know them for the last two-and-thirty years. We ask ourselves, whether we ever heard Romans speak well of Romans?—whether we ever heard Romans stand up for the character, the literature, the abilities, the honour, in fine, of Romans, as the people of every other national system stand up for the people, the system, the nationality of

which they are units? We are compelled to remember that Romans have ever spoken to us as units—distinct and self-sufficing—and ever disparaging and scorning the units around them.

Pius the Ninth had awakened a better feeling amongst them; but, incapable of sympathy with their sovereign or with one another,—without such confidence in one another as would have enabled them to be either conspirators or rebels, their mob riots had expelled him who would have been their leader; and they now sought to obtain a fictitious place above rather than amongst the nations of Italy, by assuming the large-sounding name of Roman Republic. The people of Italy felt that it was an assumption; and, with suicidal jealousy, left them to make good their pretensions.

CHAPTER XVI.

What now remains?—a mightier rule than e'er
Thy palmiest days could shew. Thou didst disown
Thy thousand gods, and, all reluctant, hear
The preacher's voice, and bow thee down to One.
That One o'ercame the nations far and near,
And brought them all to own thy triple crown.
The sword and earthly rule no more was thine:
But, mightier far, thy sway became divine.

THE populace of Rome is every ready to welcome a holiday, and to join in any festive celebration. The inauguration of the Republic gave occasion to many such; and they thronged to hear it solemnly proclaimed from the Capitol, and greeted with a *Te Deum* in St. Peter's. Then some of the deputies decked their flowing locks with the red Phrygian cap of liberty; and then the rabble hooted livery servants in the Corso—for all were to be free and equal;

and trees of liberty were to be planted in every square.

“Plant trees of liberty, would ye, in Rome?” exclaimed Sterbini, who, removed from the ministry, was consoled by being made Superintendent of Public Monuments—“plant trees of liberty, would ye, in Rome?” he exclaimed, in answer to Ciceruacchio and a rabble deputation—“What trees can you raise equal to the obelisks in every square? Up with the red cap of liberty, and fix it on the top of the tall cross that surmounts every one of them!”

Away rush the members of the deputation with the tin cap painted red, which they had already prepared; away they rush and summon to their help all the sailors from the port of Ripetta, and the chimney-sweeps from the back alleys. They scramble up the pedestal of the great obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo, and try their art upon its massive stone. But the granite is forty times bigger than the mast of any vessel that had ever floated up Tiber; and

the sweeps, and the sailors, and the climbing-boys found no angles by which they could upraise themselves. But the Firemen's Company—whose head-quarters were in the Palazzo Sermoneta, under the command of the ingenious Prince of Teano, who puts his heart and soul into the improvement of fire-engines, or any other piece of art or mechanism—the Firemen had lately held their annual festival, and had exhibited their long ladders and fire-escapes to the admiration of the people. These were remembered by the baffled mob around the great obelisk, and quickly summoned to shew their skill. They collected from their different stations with all the ladders which they constantly held ready to help people from burning roofs and garrets. They joined them, one to the other, and slowly and carefully a fireman reached the top of the obelisk, and threw down one end of a little cord, to which they fastened the tin cap. Slowly he drew it up and placed it on the summit of the cross: then bound it there with strong

wires, amid the cheers of the triumphant Republicans.

It was a more easy matter to place a similar emblem upon the cross which the great statue of Religion uplifts on the summit of the tower of the Capitol, and to fix, beside it, a great flagstaff, from which the tricolor banner should proudly wave, in sight of the whole City of the Seven Hills.

The bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, in the square of the Capitol, was the cause of much discussion amongst the rabble republicans. On its head, they placed a red cap of liberty, and a tricolor flag in the hand which the statue extends over Rome; and when the more learned of the sect objected that, as an emperor, Marcus Aurelius was unworthy of bearing the sacred emblems, the others insisted that they would compel him to do so in spite of himself; and it became a favourite pastime to jeer and mock at the statue, and to make certain gestures at it with thumb to nose, as triumphing in the republicanism which the imperial bronze was forced to express.

While such were the popular follies in Rome, the National Assembly acted according to the wisdom that was in it. Mamiani, faithful to his sovereign, having before resigned his place in the ministry, had resigned his seat in the house so soon as the republic was voted, and Armellini rose to be prime minister. Sooner than could have been expected, the heterogeneous assembly of representatives settled down into parliamentary habits and parties ; and a very, very small minority, including those who had voted against the republic, showed considerable legislative ability. But with a disorganized population, an empty treasury, a disbanded army, hostile administrators, and an impending invasion, the time of the assembly was chiefly occupied in the wildest schemes to meet present emergencies.

Amid all the attacks upon his temporal power, the government and the people ever protested the utmost deference for the spiritual authority of the Pope, the most devoted adherence to the Catholic faith.

Once, indeed, after a member had read in the house a protest which Pius the Ninth had addressed to all the different courts and nations against the establishment of the Roman republic, the members declared that their house had been contaminated by the reading of such a paper; and confiscated, to the uses of the State, all the horses in the pontifical stables, and all those used by the Guardia Nobile. The noble guardsmen could no longer go a-hunting, nor, like Count Castagna, ride a-wooing forty-eight miles a-day; and the mob rushed to seize, amongst others, upon the splendid state-coach in which we first saw Pio Nono in the days of his popularity, and which we have already described. They were about to destroy it, when Sterbini cried out, "Hold, hold, my men! Let us make a present of it to the Bambino of Ara-cœli."

"Bravo! bravo! What a capital thought!" shouted the rabble. "To the Bambino! to the Bambino! Are we Turks or infidels? Let us show how we honour religion. Let us show the piety of the Re-

public. Let the Master have the coach that his servant use to ride in. Viva the Bambino ! Viva the Bambino democratico !”

“ Off with thee, Ciceruacchio !” cried Sterbini. “ Let the post-master dress up three post-boys and six of his best horses with red, white, and green ribbands—plumes on their heads, and tricolor streamers everywhere. Let the dragoons send a guard of honour, and the people deck out the streets for a procession of the Santo Bambino.”

At one o'clock, the procession started. Two monks were made to enter the state coach with the image. The streets were thronged with people, who threw themselves on their knees as it passed, and congratulated themselves that their new rulers were so piously-thoughtful. “ Now, at last,” they cried, “ the Bambino has a coach worthy of itself ! Death to the priests ! Viva the Bambino Republicano !” and the Civic Guards turned out and presented arms as it went by.

By such contrivances and by the pious tone assumed by all the newspapers, the mass of the populace was, indeed, led to believe that religion would be benefited by the separation of the temporal from the spiritual power of the Pope; and cried out, "Death to the priests," with no more hostile meaning than if they had said, Down with the old system. They decked out their children in red caps of liberty; and the more tasteful mothers even clothed them in dresses copied exactly from ancient statues of the republic—with Grecian sandals, short tunics, consular fasces, hatchets, and little tricolor flags. All the sugar-plums for the carnival were made in the shape of Phrygian caps. Men wore little gold or coral caps as shirt pins, or to their watch chains; while the commonest joke was to cut out a piece of cloth in the shape of a cap of liberty, and, having whitened it well with chalk on one side, to clap it on the back of anyone in the streets to whom the republican system was supposed to be most obnoxious. Many a black coat re-

turned from its morning walk covered with half-a-dozen white impressions of the cap of liberty.

Every decree of the government was sanctified: every law was promulgated in the name of GOD AND THE PEOPLE. In those names it continued the issue of paper-money which the Papal ministry had begun; it levied and armed troops; and it decreed the honours, the rights, and the freedom of a Roman citizen to Giuseppe Mazzini, who was then in Tuscany.

While such changes were taking place in the political world around him, Middleton Agelthorpe received a reply from the Lord Chancellor of England: and as Cardinal Gigante was still confined to his room by the illness which had prevented him leaving Rome when so many other Cardinals fled, the Englishman thought right to communicate its contents immediately to Princess Castellonia, who had always so warmly interested herself in the suit of Duke Augustiniani. He waited on her by appointment, and was shown up those mar-

ble stairs and through those comfortable little rooms so gorgeously and so showily furnished.

As the Middleton Agelthorpes had long been on terms of what the Romans call “*intimità*” with the Castellonia family, he did not scruple to pass from the usual sitting-room, through the bedrooms, to the open terrace, on which he saw the Princess busied with her flowers and birds. These bedrooms were the pride of Donna Clarinda, and the admiration of her friends. A very small room, rather long in proportion to its width, was divided about the centre by two Corinthian pillars of white marble, the flutings and capitals of which were richly gilt: from the one to the other of these, a heavy curtain, of white and gold silk brocade, hung in thick folds, dividing the room in two. Behind the envious curtain, was a moderate-sized French bed and a continuation of the same room, the walls of which were hung with brocade similar to the curtains. Side by side to this bedroom, and communicating with it by folding-

doors, was another, somewhat less delicately fitted up, for the Prince. They both opened into two dressing-rooms at the further end.

Middleton Agelthorpe passed on to the terrace, whence the Princess came towards him with extended hands, and most warmly inquired after the health of his dear daughter. He was happy in being able to tell her of the marked improvement which had taken place: and that, although still confined to her bed, she suffered, comparatively speaking, little pain.

“What times these are! What changes we have seen!” exclaimed the princess. “Look at the direction of these two letters I have received to-day. One of them is from an Italian friend in Germany, who does not know the modern style of address, and directs, as formerly, ‘A sua Eccellenza illustrissima, la nobil Donna Clarinda, Principessa de Castellonia’; the other is from a friend in Florence, who knows and conforms to the usages of the times. See, the letter has found me just as well as the other, although it is only inscribed ‘Alla Cittadina Castellonia.’”

“I, too, have received a letter to-day, Principessa,” said Middleton Agelthorpe. “It is from the English Lord Chancellor, and I hastened immediately to participate its import to you, and, through you, to Prince Augustiniani. The English Court entirely forbids the alliance which you have done us the honour to propose.”

“Ma, perchè mai!” exclaimed the citizen princess. “What objection can there possibly be to it?”

“Two are put forward,” answered Agelthorpe: “the different religion of the parties, and the impropriety of permitting so large a fortune as Caroline has to be carried out of England and settled upon a foreigner. I suspect the latter is the principal motive of the objection.”

“How illiberal!” exclaimed Princess Castellonia. “But are there no means of removing or overcoming these scruples?”

“None whatever, Princess. I am the guardian of my niece, and I must, of course, act in such matters by the opinion of our highest authority; even had we not always

doubted, as you are aware that we always have doubted, the desireableness of the proposed alliance for Caroline."

It is unnecessary further to detail the conversation. The pretty princess was pettish and grieved and annoyed and inclined to be offended; and when Middleton Agelthorpe took his leave, she forgot to send any of those tender messages which he had so often borne from her to his wife and to "*quella carina Carolina*."

At home, Caroline herself was pouting and rebellious, and declared that no old lawyer in a white wig should give her a husband, or prevent her marrying whom she would. She was in this temper when her aunt's English maid, with whom Lord Rangerleigh had managed to open a communication, and from whom he had already heard of the Lord Chancellor's prohibition, brought her a note from that warm-hearted young man. It was such an one as hopeful lovers write. It thanked heaven that had preserved her from marrying an Italian and a Catholic; it alluded to her fancy for him

as to a childish dream of ambition ; and reminded her of the selfishness of the duke in the catacombs, when he himself had proved his disinterested and all-engrossing love. Then came the usual protestations—the usual rhapsodies, and prayers that he might be allowed to see her again, now that the Italian was finally dismissed.

“ Finally dismissed, is he ? ” muttered Caroline ; “ do not be so sure of that, Lord Rangerleigh.” She carried the note to her guardian. “ Here is a letter, uncle,” she said, “ that Brown has just brought me from Lord Rangerleigh. I have no intention of putting up with him, because the old goose in England does not like Italians.”

Middleton Agelthorpe read the letter, and then ordered the maid to be sent to him. “ Brown,” he said, “ you must have been tattling about our private affairs to this young man, and have shown yourself willing to help a clandestine correspondence with my niece. Miss Agelthorpe has too much sense of propriety to

fall into your snare, and has brought the letter to me. Be ready to leave our service so soon as I can find an opportunity of sending you back to England."

"I am sure, Miss," whimpered the maid, when she rejoined her young mistress in her own room, "I am sure I care nothing for Lord Rangerleigh any more than for any other man; and would just as leave have brought you a letter from the Italian Prince if he had asked me; but they don't know how to set about these matters in this outlandish country. And now I am to go back to England by the first opportunity! Well, I'm sure I'd soon make an opportunity, if I was you, Miss. One of the young ladies I lived with before, would never have married the man of her 'art if I had not helped her to Gretna Green. But these Italians knows nothing!"

The tempter's insinuations were here interrupted by Rosina, who told Miss Ageltorpe that "*quel vecchio Signor Inglese, Signor Oglio,*" was in the drawing-room; and that Signor Ageltorpe was gone out,

and that Madama was engaged in Miss Mary's room. Caroline joined him with a flushed countenance, and burst into tears as the old man took her two hands in his.

"So, so, my dear child," he said to her, soothingly. "This is sad news for me to hear on my return from Naples. Augustiniani, poor fellow! has just told me all about it; and asked me if there was no remedy."

"There is not any, is there?" asked Caroline, wiping her pretty eyes, and looking with an air of awkward curiosity, which showed that she had imbibed some hope somewhere."

"None in the world, I told him; unless he and you would wait until you were of age, or would escape to Gretna Green."

"Nonsense, Mr. Ollier: that is what Brown has been talking about," said Caroline.

"What, about waiting until you are one-and-twenty?" asked the old man.

"No, but the other;" answered Caroline, shyly, and yet suggestively.

“Yes; if we were in England, I doubt not Mrs. Brown could have managed it perfectly well: but I never heard of a runaway match from Italy, excepting that of Prince Charles of Capua, the brother of the King of Naples, and Miss Penelope Smith.”

“How did they manage it?” asked Caroline, with a manner of assumed indifference.

“Oh, she went off with a colonel in the army, a relation of her own, and his royal highness followed. It was all done most decorously, until they arrived in Switzerland, where they were married.”

“And how did it—the marriage, I mean,—turn out?”

“He is a most devoted husband and father, and the princess is a clever and kind-hearted and beautiful woman. Their son and daughter are very nice young people, But poor Augustiniani,” continued Ollier, “is dying to see you. Will you not meet him?”

“Why, now that the answer is received

from the stupid old lawyer, of course there is no objection to our meeting," said Caroline. "You know it was only said that we were not to meet until the answer arrived."

"Exactly so," replied Ollier, tapping her gently on the crown of her head. "Tell your aunt that I shall call for you to-morrow to take you out walking and driving. You had better leave her to take care of Mary," he added, "and let us have a tête-à-tête."

There could be no difficulty in permitting Caroline to drive or walk out under the care of so old and trusted a friend; and she was anxiously waiting for Mr. Ollier, when he called for her on the following morning.

"To the Palazzo della Cancelleria," said Ollier to the footman, as they took their places in the carriage. "You look surprised, Miss Agelthorpe," he continued, addressing the young lady; "but solitude is to be found in a crowd as well as in a desert. The truth, however, is, that Mazzini arrived in Rome last evening, and

is, I am told, to be introduced to the National Assembly this morning. It is a sight I would not willingly lose, and I have desired a certain friend of ours to have places occupied and kept in the galleries till we come. I am anxious to hear this arch-republican.

“What makes the horrid man,” asked Caroline, who had imbibed her ideas from the aristocratic Roman society she had mixed with—“what makes the horrid man so suddenly resolve to establish republics everywhere?”

“Pride, obstinacy, patriotism, and the enthusiasm of an overgrown school-boy for the classical times he has read of. He is just now come from Florence, where he has been advocating the unity of Italy, instead of the federation which the Pope and all sensible people approve. However, here we are at the Palace of the Chancery. Let us see if we cannot defy your friend, the Lord Chancellor of England, even within the precincts of the temple of the law.”

There was a crowd in the square as they alighted ; but Prince Augustiniani had secured for them permission to enter by a side staircase ; and there he himself met them, and, seizing Caroline's hand in the narrow passage, devoutly, and for the first time, bore it to his lips with a warmth he had never shown before. They had not time to speak ; for those whom he had appointed to keep places for them in the gallery, now ran down and signed that they should come on quickly. They did so ; and found their seats in a corner of one of the tribunes, from whence, without being seen themselves, they could overlook a portion of the assembly. There was much excitement in the hall, and loud cheers were rising on every side when they took their places, so that it almost appeared as if the welcome were intended for themselves. No one, however, thought of them. All eyes were turned on the figure of a neatly-dressed, middle-sized man, of no very striking presence or countenance, who was modestly seating himself beside one of the

members in the body of the house. The President, or Speaker, rose and signed to the stranger to advance ; and then, with every mark of honour, and amid approving cheers, placed him beside himself.

Mazzini rose ; and in a pleasing tone of voice, and with harmonized and flowing periods, spoke a few sentences. “ If thanks and praise are to be exchanged amongst us,” he said, “ it is I, gentlemen, who ought to render both to you ; since all the little good that I have, however unsuccessfully, endeavoured to do in life, has been inspired in me by Rome. Rome was ever a talisman to me. When yet a youth, I studied history, I observed everywhere that nations arose, played the part assigned to them for a little while, and disappeared from the notice of man. One only city had the privilege of being able to die, and to rise again more powerful than before, and fulfil a mission by far more important than the one she had first accomplished. I saw Rome grow under the emperors, and extend her sway from Africa to Asia. I saw Rome

destroyed—destroyed by barbarians, whom the world still deems barbarians: I saw Rome awake again, call forth the germs of civilization from her very sepulchre, and, rising more great than ever, go forth, under the Popes, on a still grander mission—a mission that was to be worked out, not by the sword, but by opinion. Is it possible, I then asked of my heart, is it possible that a city which has already lived two great spans of life, the latter greater than the first, should not have a third awaiting her? After the Rome of the Emperors, after the Rome of the Popes, it must be intended that there should be a Rome of the people. The Rome of the people has arisen. You are that Rome of the people. Do not cheer me: but let us rejoice together. Perhaps we shall have to go through a great crisis. Perhaps we shall have to wage a holy war against the only enemy that threatens us, Austria. We will wage it, and we will conquer it. I hope, please heaven, that foreigners will never again be able to say that this spark from Rome is

but an ignis fatuus—a glimmering light flitting above the grave of ages. Let the world attest that this light is a star, eternal, splendid and pure, like those in the heaven above us. Let me not longer interrupt the business of the house.”

“He talks like a high priest more than like a politician,” observed Augustiniani.

“A high priest offering sacrifice to himself,” said Ollier.

“Nay, his bearing is very modest, and the words sound grand,” suggested Caroline.

“Because the school-boy alphabet about Rome is newer to you than to us,” answered Ollier. “You do not know how, after a time, we sicken of these grand classical phrases. Why, adopting his own theory, he ought to see that the very fact that Rome has been raised to a second life greater than the first, proves that its real mission is that which its second life imposes upon it; and that, if it had not been wanted for that mission, it would have sunk, like other cities, after its first vulgar tri-

umphant existence. Even the old turncoat Armellini, there, wrote, in his better days, a clever sonnet, in which he says that TIME foretold to him the fate of all other cities and empires; but that when he asked about the duration of Papal Rome, none but ETERNITY could reply.* But it is not likely any one will reply to my disquisitions," murmured the old man to himself, as, turning round, he saw that Augustiniani and Miss Agelthorpe were all-absorbed in some whispered conversation of their own.

It was even so. Vows and protestations, such as no Roman except the *guardia nobile*, Count Castagna, ever made before, were being rapidly poured forth into the ear of the young girl, together with earnest

* This sonnet has been powerfully and literally translated by the most Eminent the Cardinal Wiseman: we have only room for the concluding lines:—

"E chiedendo se il fin delle altre cose
Avrà di Pietro il soglio, ei tacque
E allora del Tempo invece, l'Eternità rispose."

"Then asked I: 'Doth the same decree abide
For Peter's throne?' Time seemed his breath to bate,
And, in his place, Eternity replied."

entreaties to defy the tyrannical power of a stranger, and to fly to the good Padre, who, as the Prince had learned from Mr. Ollier, had a dispensation to unite faithful lovers in Scotland. What, he urged, would be their fate unless they adopted such a course? Monsieur Agelthorpe would take her from Rome as soon as the Signorina Maria could travel: he would be permitted to see her no more; and the tyrannical old lawyer would make her marry some stupid Englishman whose suit he himself favoured.

Such protestations and arguments were not poured forth in vain. From the beginning, we have seen how Caroline's ignorance of the world and her own vanity had worked upon a character of which obstinacy constituted no small part. Her aunt's maid, her uncle's old friend, and her own lover, all suggested or urged her to the same course. She knew that, unless she adopted it, she must forego what had long been the one object of her ambition—the position of a Roman princess: and her

childish fancy thought the escapade less objectionable since she heard that it had been adopted by the brother of the King of Naples and the Princess Royal of Capua. She did not withhold her consent from the proposed plan ; and they all left the parliament house, and met again in the galleries of the Vatican Museum to discuss and arrange the mode of carrying it out.

Mazzini had made his *débüt* in the Roman parliament on the 6th of March. One morning, about ten days after this event, Miss Agelthorpe and Mrs. Brown, the lady's maid, left the Sermoneta palace together ; the latter bidding Tommaso, who opened the door to let them out, tell the Signore, when he returned (for Mrs. Agelthorpe scarcely ever left Mary's room), that the Signorina was going to Mrs. Vernon, who had sent to invite her to spend the day with them at Tivoli. It is needless to say that the young lady did not return. On the contrary ; she and her maid had taken a hackney coach and had driven as far as the little inn and posting-house at Baccano,

where they had dismissed it and joined Mr. Ollier, who had arrived there, a short while before, in a light caleche well loaded with her own and the young lady's luggage, which Mrs. Brown had gradually removed to his house. Ollier, who knew the habits and requirements of Italian travel, was already prepared with passports for himself, his daughter, and maid; and with an order to be supplied with post horses: and four of these being harnessed to the carriage, away they merrily went, along the paved road, northwards, as fast as extra buona manos could induce the postillions to drive.

Meanwhile, evening closed over the Palazzo Sermoneta, and Mr. and Mrs. Agelthorpe and Mary, who was now well enough to interest herself in what was going on, began to wonder at Caroline's prolonged absence. But a long day could be pleasantly spent at Tivoli; and they doubted not that the Vernons were so enjoying it. Mrs. Agelthorpe had long remarked the absence of the maid: but since she had received warning to quit, Mrs. Brown had

regulated her conduct by her own convenience; so that no suspicion was excited by her absence. Later in the evening, Mr. Agelthorpe sent Tommaso to Mr. Vernon's to inquire at what hour his carriage should call for Caroline—whom he supposed to be staying there to dine after their excursion. In half an hour, the footman returned with Mr. Vernon himself.

“My dear fellow,” said the latter gentleman, “what do you mean by sending to us for Miss Agelthorpe? She has not been in Casa Dies to-day.”

“No; because you have all been to Tivoli: but you have made a long day of it.”

“To Tivoli! You are dreaming! We have been looking at the wonderful relics in Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme—mind, I do not believe in a quarter of them—and have then been along the Via Appia.”

We need not repeat the exclamations of surprise that followed this announcement. Nothing could be learned from the servants or the porter below, further than that the Signorina and la Browne had left

the house at about nine o'clock that morning. A suspicion of Duke Augustiniani flashed across the mind of Mary: but she would not dwell upon it, as it was a suspicion only. The same thought occurred, however, to Mrs. Agelthorpe, and she suggested that inquiry should be made at the residence of the Prince. He had left Rome that morning:—it was believed, the porter said, only for the day. Tommaso recommended an inquiry at the police and passport offices on Monte Citorio: but these would not be open until ten o'clock on the following morning. Before that hour, Vernon and Middleton Agelthorpe were at the door of the Bureaux. They soon ascertained that Don Visconti Augustiniani had obtained passports for himself and his wife and servant and an Englishman, Monsu Oglio, from Rome to Civita Vecchia, and from thence by the steamer to Genoa.

“And the steamer sailed at four o'clock yesterday afternoon,” observed Agelthorpe.

“They have clearly a day's start of you,” replied Mr. Vernon, “and will be in Switzer-

land, and married, almost before you can get your passports. It is not so bad, after all; for old Ollier will see them properly wed. I suspect he has put his hand to the business, in the hope of bringing Miss Agelthorpe and her fortune into the bosom of your Church. He is a pious old man."

END OF VOL. II.

